

AMELIA HER STORY

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TO DAVID HAMMOND ALLRED

(Who very much wanted this story
of his Angel Mother written!)

written and assembled

by Inez Allred

May 17, 1995

ANCESTORS

*Today I bend my head in reverence, remembering...
remembering not sight,
but incarnate memory,
your time on earth - long spent,
The record of your joys and sorrows
recorded in faded lines on delicate paper,
fragile and crumbling - dimmed with time.
I touch the pages gently,
my love for you - yearning
And I remember...
remember that I stand on soil your feet have touched.
I see the beauty your eyes feasted upon,
I hear the sounds of a living earth that thrilled your soul.
I bear the torch of life you've passed to me -
its vibrant flame has lighted the way for others of thy seed
...the circles of life expanding.
I behold my grandson,
strong and sturdy
Thy blood coursing through his veins - his lifeblood.
His life a testament to this eternal plan.
Thy kingdom shall roll forth
and your hearts are turned and turned to us -
in vibrant loving life force,
We pledge to thee our filial devotion;
We honor thee in remembrance of thy gift of life.*

Helen Spencer Schlie

AMELIA (A Portrait)

A queenly woman, statuesque and grand,
Regal in manner, courteous in command,
Of reverential presence, and her face
Radiantly fair, beaming with hope and grace.
Her vibrant life one long sweet symphony
Of duty, love and soulful harmony.

E.B.W.

“How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.”
Yet - would our wedding last days and days;
And since but little time have I,
“I do” must be my sole reply;
But by this writ which thou read’st now,
I vow to thee this solemn vow.
Whither thou goest, there will I go;
Wither thou ledgest, lodge I also;
The people whom thou hast called thine,
I take them now and call them mine;
The God whom thou hast chos’n to serve,
Will I to follow and never swerve;
The place where thou wilt choose to lie
In death, thou shalt; and there will I;
If else but Death part me from thee,
God is my Judge, He shalt judge me;
Whom God hath joined let no man part;
I love thee, dear, with all mine heart.

Mary Alice always gave great tribute to Mary Jane for the kind and loving care that Mary Jane gave to her as a child who was left without a Mother.

Following the funeral, Francis held a consultation with Aunts Hannah and Nellie, sisters of his wife Alice Howard who wanted to take the children and care for them as they were married and had good homes. But Francis, always kind and loving, said they were of his blood and as long as he had a crust he would share it with them. He believed he could work and care for his own.

John and Mary Alice were taken by Mary Jane, his first wife, and brought up with her own children. As she herself had a young baby a few weeks old, it was thought best that baby sister Hannah be taken care of by a Sister Joseph Wheeler who lived close by. Sister Wheeler took care of Hannah until she was about five years old.

Mary Alice writes: "John and I, though young, remember Aunt Mary Jane as a good woman and our Mother as a sweet, beautiful woman. We have always had the greatest love and respect for our Father, who was truly a remarkable man; he was a kind and loving Father who with his wives made the world better for their having lived in it."

The details of this background of happenings in Francis's large family will help to set the stage for the birth of the 12th child of Francis and Mary Jane Hammond who was given the name of Amelia May, being born on the 22 of May, 1877. A few days following Amelia May's birth, her Mother lost her life on 6 June 1877. And we remember now that the Mother of Mary Jane, Eliza Dilworth had given birth to a large family, Mary Jane being her 11th child. Even though Amelia lost the care of her Mother, Mary Jane, when just an infant, she had been born the angel daughter of a devoted and dedicated couple. Older sisters were in the home to welcome this baby girl, like Moisselle and Mary Alice, but in Francis's journal, he comments when visiting friends in Salt Lake at General Conference time, he had gone to Huntsville to visit after a trip from Bluff, San Juan County, Utah and had personally visited a Sister Burrows' husband, a widower now, and that this

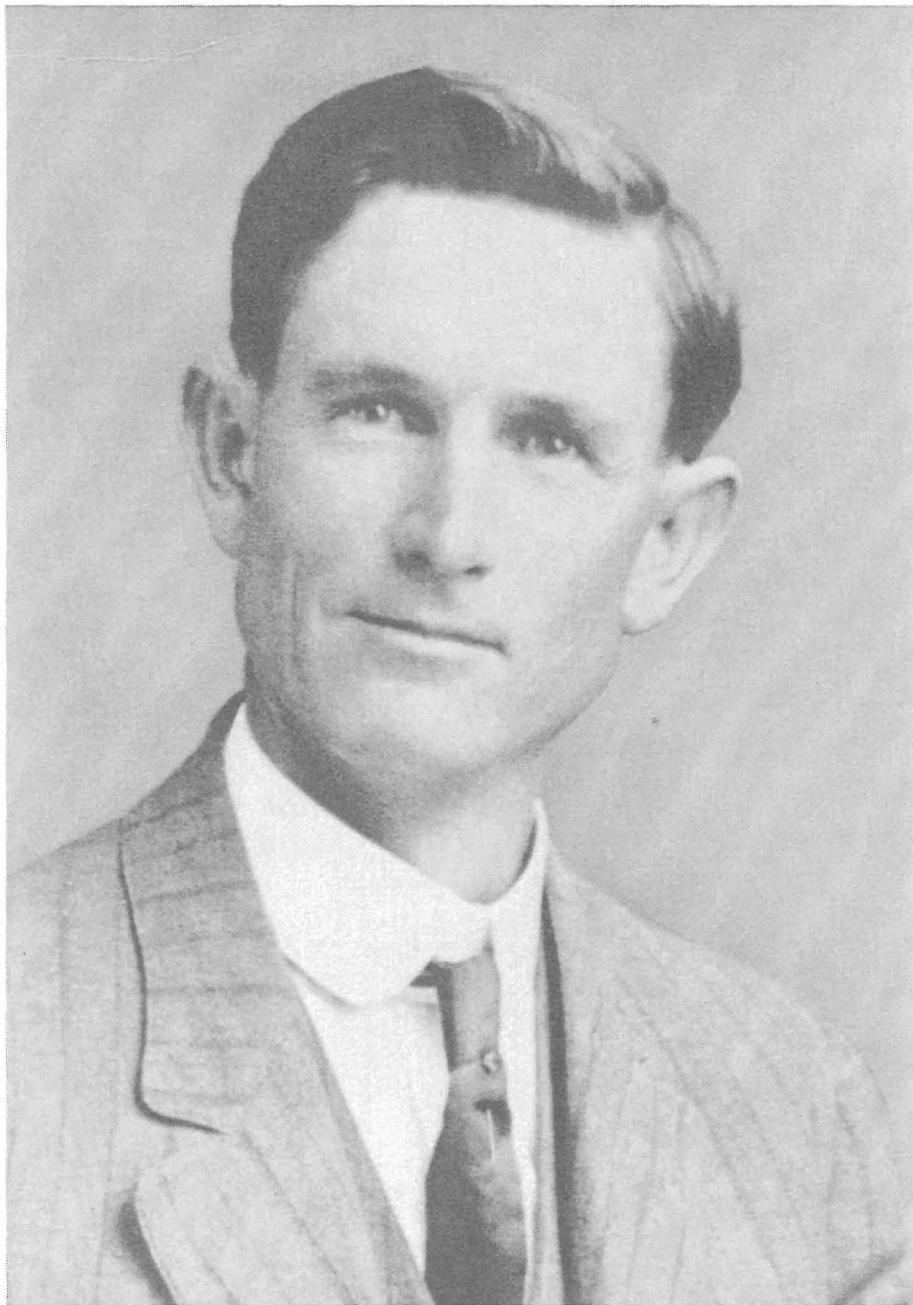
AMELIA - HER STORY



J. A. Christenson
MIDVALE, UTAH.



Amelia Hammond



J.U. Allred

Amelia when a young girl.
Perhaps before she went to
Brigham Young Academy.



Age 15



AMELIA
HER STORY

A woman of Christ needs to be written about! This special woman is one whom I have never had the privilege of meeting in person, but observing her family, conversing with them, as well as with those who knew her or of her, and have been influenced by her angelic characteristics displayed in the short length of time she was here on earth! - I feel I must speak and write of this elect person and proclaim her cardinal, eternal, and portable qualities of the saintliness she achieved.

Amelia May Hammond Allred is the Mother of my sweetheart husband, who is Amelia's 4th child, and was given the name of David HAMMOND ALLRED. David was only 2 years of age when he sustained the loss of his illustrious Mother who is as described in Alma 7:23 of being humble, submissive and gentle, easy to be entreated, full of patience and long-suffering, and temperate in all things - these were characteristics of his Mother, Loving Amelia!

David's sisters, Jesina and Kate, together with David's Father have always and often spoken to me of the innate goodness of this special soul who gave her life in exchange for the birth of her youngest child, Kate. Even though David and Kate do not remember her in person, they have been told by enduring Grandparents and Father what their Mother's characteristics were like.

David was the one who missed Amelia most because as a little two year old boy, his Father writes that he cried himself to sleep each night because of the loss of his Mother. He can remember the sisters of the Ward who knew Amelia as a young Mother in Canada, how they would bend down and speak to him lovingly of "Amelia's little boy."

I LOST MY MOTHER
(concerning David)

A Mother's love, impenetrable they say
A love that is like no other
I'd like to feel that love one day

Can you help me find my Mother?

*It was she who was there, at the time of my birth
These things I was told by another
She was proud to have me enter this earth
Tell me, then, where is my Mother?*

*The love and caring I seemed to have lost
Was held by my sister and brother
The kind of love a child needs most
Which can only be given by a Mother.*

Even though David had this special woman tend him and shower love on him for just a short time, I can see effects of goodness having been instilled in his training, by one who lived so close to her Savior!

From Amelia's photos, I see a most beautiful face and body, with culture and refinement enhancing the handsome features. I have always thought my husband to be handsome and attractive not only in his physical looks, but in his demeanor and actions. I credit him with favoring his Mother, dear Amelia.

Amelia May Hammond was born May 22, 1877, in Huntsville, Weber Co., Utah to Francis Asbury HAMMOND, and Mary Jane DILWORTH HAMMOND, their 12th and last child. A few days following Amelia's birth, her Mother passed away on June 6, 1877. But she had older sisters to love her, together with an adoring Father who provided well and engaged a good neighbor woman to care for her for about two years of Amelia's babyhood.

HUNTSVILLE, THE TOWN OF AMELIA'S BIRTH

In October of 1865, before Amelia's birth, and shortly after his return from his second mission to Hawaii, Francis Asbury Hammond, Amelia's Father and his family moved to Huntsville. He was called to be the presiding Elder of that little community with William S. Lish and David McKay as his counselors.

Huntsville was named after Captain Jefferson Hunt, Company A Commander of the Mormon Battalion.

Although his resources had been diminished as a result of his last mission, Francis was able to purchase two homes for his families. They were just a short distance apart. He took with him from Ogden a "yoke of cattle, one old wagon, one pony and one little bob tailed cow." The houses were two log cabins with dirt roofs - one for each of his two families.

When Francis arrived in Huntsville, there were about twenty five families in the town. There was a small log cabin for a school house. Francis laments that the boys of the town were crude and untutored and needed refinement.

This move was a trial to Mary Jane. She had been raised in a more cultured society in the East. Although she was not unacquainted with hardships, this move was a difficult one for her. In February of 1866, while still in the initial stages of pioneering Huntsville, Francis' and Mary Jane's little three year old daughter, Lizzie Fontella, died. Nevertheless, Mary Jane and the rest of the family bore the hardships and began their labors with the goal of establishing a comfortable and pleasant environment.

In spite of the adversity, Francis was thankful that he was placed in an out-of-the-way area that would tend to protect his family from the temptations that were in Ogden City. Yes, it was a good place for him to train his family!

Francis was appointed Postmaster, in which endeavor Mary Jane supported him, and was able to do most of the business associated with such. Francis, assisted by his boys, was able to have a crop of grain and potatoes, together with sufficient hay for their stock.

I cite conditions pertaining to their pioneering in their little town of Huntsville to help us understand the home atmosphere into which Amelia May would be welcomed in just a few years. It must be remembered that even blessed with a modest amount of prosperity, the Francis Hammond family was still living in pioneer times. These times included much sacrifice, frugality and cooperation.

The community developed, and the crude cabins were either improved or replaced with homes made of lumber or hewn rock. Some of these homes had pine floors that were covered with straw; and tightly stretched over the straw were rag carpets. The log cabin dwellings that Francis's families were required to live in at least until the early 1870's were described by his daughter Mary Alice Hammond Sorensen:

"We lived in a little log house about one half block from the first wife's home. I was not quite 4 years old when my Mother died, but I can remember the house faced the east with a door and window on the front. The window was on the right side of the door. In between the door and window on the inside were shelves covered with a curtain. I remember these shelves and what was kept on them.

"In this little log house there was another pane window on the west side with a table by it. On the south side of the room were two beds, one for my Mother, and one for my brother John and I. On the North side was a Charter Oak Stove and in the northwest corner an old fashioned cupboard. The floor was of bare boards scrubbed white and clean. The walls were whitewashed. The beds were old 4 posters with strips of rawhide crisscrossed for springs. These things with a few chairs composed the furniture of the little home. The roof of the house was covered with dirt, and weeds grew on it in the summer. I can remember Mother on Christmas standing by the table rolling out dough and cutting out dolls for presents for us. We took currants to use for the

eyes of these dolls. There was an old granary to the north of the house which was used as a kitchen in the summer. The wood pile was on the south side of the house.”

In a little booklet entitled “Memories of Huntsville and its People,” Donald D. McKay writes: “In most homes, furniture was of the plainest sort, and not too abundant. I think we had chairs enough for all the family at meal time. I am not positive of this, however. I do know if there were visitors, the younger children had to stand at meal time. Since this produced no widespread comment, raised no eyebrows, and brought forth no expressions of sympathy, I imagine it must have been the usual thing in every household.”

Concerning Francis, McKay writes: Bishop Hammond had been in our town for quite a few years and by hard work and good management had made himself quite well-to-do. His big, white frame house was on the corner of the lot just east of the Renstrom home. The half of the block north of the house was covered with barns, corrals and sheds.” In order to support his fine house, Francis was able to increase his ranching and business assets. Francis describes his assets: “I have an interest in the Land and Cattle Association of Weber. They have a yearly crop of about 400 tons of fine hay and expect to harvest 4,000 bushels of oats. I have some \$12,000 paid up stock in the company, and besides carry \$40,000 of unpaid stock.”

While in Huntsville, Mary Jane brought five more children into the world: Eliza Dilworth on 27 August, 1866, Joseph Heber on 21 October 1869, Lula Adelaide on 27 January 1871, Maybell Ophelia on 23 November 1872, and Amelia May on 22 May 1877. Francis’s second wife, Alice Howard, gave birth to three children: John on 15 November, 1867, Mary Alice on 14 April 1869, and Hannah 5 January 1873. Following Hannah’s birth, on 28 January 1873, Alice Howard died of child bed fever just shortly after Hannah was born, Alice was only 28 years old. The baby, Hannah, was placed in the care of a Sister Wheeler until she could again be with the Hammond family. The baby would need a “wet nurse” until she could be weaned. Sister Wheeler must have had a baby of her own that she also was nursing. The other children were cared for by Mary Jane.

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In Huntsville, Amelia grew up with older brothers and sisters, where her Father was the second branch president and the first Bishop. Here she was blessed and baptized a member of the Church in the old meeting house built by her Father and others in Huntsville. Close by the Hammond home was the David McKay home where lived young David O. McKay. David was 8 years old when his Father was called on a mission. Amelia's Father, as Bishop of the Ward, had the honor of confirming the boy who would become President of the Church, a member of the Church. As Amelia grew up, she no doubt knew young David O. McKay. In fact, the girl David married, Emma Rae Evans, was born in 1877 as was Amelia.

When Amelia was very young, she, with other members of her family moved to Bluff, Utah where her Father had been called to preside as President of the San Juan Stake. (Later the family moved to Moab, Utah.)

Amelia attended the public schools in Bluff; she had the company of her older sister Mary Alice, and Hannah, and Martha, the third wife of Francis whom he had married on 5th of April 1881, she being a Danish convert, an older sister, and one who had assisted Francis in the care of his family following the death of both of his wives.



Amelia's brother, Fletcher B. Hammond, standing, with her brother, Frank Hammond and Thomas Bingham, seated.

Hammond Home



AMELIA'S ANCESTRY
Her Mother

We find it most interesting concerning the family of Mary Jane DILWORTH, who was Amelia's Mother. Mary Jane DILWORTH was the 11th child and the 10th daughter born to Caleb DILWORTH and Eliza WOLLERTON. Mary Jane was born in Uwchlan, Co., Pennsylvania. There were 12 girls and one boy born to this prominent family.

Listed among the pioneers to the Great Salt Lake Valley in 1847 to the company of Captain Jedediah M. Grant were the following: John T. DILWORTH, age 22; Eliza Wollerton DILWORTH, age 55; Maria Louisa DILWORTH, age 15; Rebecca DILWORTH RITER, age 32; Ann DILWORTH BRINGHURST, age 27; and May Jane DILWORTH, age 16. Four other daughters arrived in different companies of Pioneers.

Caleb DILWORTH, son of John DILWORTH and Phebe TAYLOR, was born 24 May 1784, in Chester Co., Pennsylvania, and married Eliza WOLLERTON 14 January, 1813 in Chester Co., Pennsylvania. Eliza was born on the 1st of October, 1793 to William WOLLERTON and Rebecca HARVEY of West Chester, Pennsylvania. Their first three children - daughters - were born in Birmingham, Chester Co., Pennsylvania. They then established a home in Uwchlan, also in Chester County, and here reared 13 children - one son and 12 daughters. Three of the daughters, Eliza, Hannah, and Rachel died in infancy or early childhood. Phoebe Ann, twin to Eliza, died in 1829 at sixteen years of age.

The entire family - except Caleb - became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly known as Mormons. Accompanied by several members of the family, Eliza, the Mother, left her Pennsylvania home and joined the Saints in Nauvoo, Illinois. Leaving Winter Quarters, Nebraska the 17th of June, 1847, they became pioneers of 1847, crossing the great mid-western plains by ox-team, enduring the trials and hardships of the long trek, to build homes and assist in the building of the desert country of the Rocky Mountains into towns and cities. Son, John Taylor Dilworth, drove the ox-team for his Mother. They arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley - 2 October 1847.

Lavina and Elizabeth live in the city near her. She lives alone - Rebecca's little girl sleeps with her. Mother is quite happy - she feels quite thankful that she has lived to behold the light of the everlasting Gospel and see and behold things in their true light."

"Oh! Aunt Harriet, if thee could believe as we do the beauty of our religion. It is so plain, --so consistent--everything on natural principles - embracing everything that is good and true, virtuous and pure. You hear so many slanderous reports that I cannot blame you for being prejudiced against our religion, but if the eyes of your understanding were open, you could see as we see and have cause to rejoice. Aunt Harriet, my religion is dearer to me than life - through it I can be content to live and not feel to die."

"Please excuse me for intruding on thy time and patience in writing these few lines to thee, but being alone, and my mind reverting to the land of my birth and the scenes of my childhood, I felt a desire to write thee to let thee know that our relatives still hold a place in our memory. It has been so long since we have heard from any of you - Please write to Mother, she loves to hear from you. You are as near and dear to us as ever - write and tell us all about times and friends there. I remain thy affectionate niece, Maria Louisa Leonard."

Eliza Wollerton DILWORTH made her new home in the valley of the mountains, while her husband, Caleb Dilworth remained at their home in Pennsylvania, firmly convinced she would not sacrifice her inheritance nor her home to live in the desert wastes of the west.

Eliza in turn, was just as firmly convinced he would join his family when he reconciled himself to the reasons for their leaving there. But, fate stepped in and in just a few years Caleb died at the home of his brother, Joel DILWORTH.

Eliza endured the hardships and trials of the long journey, and the struggles of establishing a home, with gratitude and thanksgiving in her heart for the "light of the everlasting Gospel."

She was known to all who made her acquaintance as the “rich Dilworth widow” because of her inheritance from her father; she had money when most of the Pioneers were practically destitute. She lived a very conservative and frugal life, and made no display of any indication of money or properties.

Eliza Wollerton DILWORTH was known as a lady of great dignity and culture, very precise and always dressed very modestly, mostly in black. To have accepted and embraced an unpopular religion, to have left her fine home and the social position she might have had, to pioneer in a desolate desert country, she was indeed a lady of determination and character. And, to her, we are grateful for establishing the Dilworth family in the Valleys of the Rocky Mountains. (Dilworth Families in America, by Virginia W. BUSHMAN)

CAMERON JENSEN WRITES A REPORT ON AMELIA'S MOTHER

Long, long ago when the Pioneers arrived in Salt Lake Valley, there were no houses in which to live, no stores where they could buy the many things they needed, no churches in which to worship, and no schools where they could learn the education children acquire in school today.

As times went along, homes were built of logs. A bowery was made where the pioneer school was begun in October of 1847, just two months after the first company arrived in the Salt Lake Valley.

Their school would seem very strange to us; an old military tent shaped like an ordinary Indian wigwam was placed on the west side of the old Fort.

Can you imagine an old camp stool for a teacher's desk, and a rough log for seats for the boys and girls? This sounds very different from our schools of today, doesn't it?

Though it seems a strange school to us, the teacher, Miss Mary Jane Dilworth, made it a very happy experience for the children, and a place where they all desired to go and learn.

That school teacher was my great, great grandmother, and a great grandmother of my Mother, Mary Allred Jensen who is David Allred's daughter.

School began each day at 9:00. It opened with a song and prayer. Some of the students had slates and pencils or writing; others had pens and papers, still others had charcoal, which they used on the smooth surface of a log. Some children brought colored clay with which they made pictures on logs.

Books were very few. Some had a Bible, others had Webster's Spelling Book. These books were shared among the children.

Could you have looked into this school, you would not only have been surprised at the furniture and supplies, but the manner in which the children were dressed - boys with breeches made of buckskin, and girls in dresses made of homespun material.

But then as today, school was a very happy time for everyone. Pioneer children loved their teacher, my great, great grandmother, and enjoyed working and playing with their friends.

Being from a large family and just arriving in a new country, there was nothing much that a young girl could do. Mary Jane's Mother suggested that she teach school. She was then sixteen; and resting only 3 weeks from the long, hard journey across the plains, she opened the first school in the valley. Little did she know what the future would say of her or that a monument would be erected in her honor, or that a tree would be planted in her honor, or that a modern school building would carry her name. (This school - Mary Jane Dilworth Elementary School is situated at 1953 East 2100 South, Salt Lake City, Utah).

"Come children, we will begin now." They stepped forward, a little timidly, nine of them, still scared, nervous and weary from the ox team journey across the plains, prairies and mountains, in constant fear of the hostile Indians. They were a queer sight and they looked wide eyed at the tent schoolroom which stood in the center of the square built in the fort enclosure. The opening date of Utah's great school system was about Oct. 24, 1847. The teacher was 16 years old, (and three months). These first children had no thought that the 16 year old girl, Mary Jane Dilworth, standing at the entrance flap to her tent schoolroom, would go down in history as Utah's first school teacher, nor that when they entered the tent, they had seen the forerunner of a great state school system of Universities and Colleges to follow.

The new tent schoolroom had nothing but a few pieces of logs for seats, and the camp table for desks. That first day, Mary Jane taught her students some Psalms from the Bible, which often was used for reading lessons. Webster's "spellers" and the "Blueback" spellers were part of the early books. They drilled incessantly on hard words, said one of the University of Utah's Board of Regents, William Riter, who was one of those first wide eyed scholars. The first teacher, not

so much older than her students, taught the first school in the tent school room until well in the winter until her brother-in-law, William Bringhurst, had erected his little log house with a dirt roof.

OBITUARY

Died at Huntsville, Weber Co. U. T., June 6th, 1877, of heart disease, Mary Jane, wife of Bishop F.A. Hammond; aged 45 years, 10 months and 7 days. She was the daughter of Caleb and Eliza Dilworth. Born at Uchland, Chester Co., Penn., June 29th, 1831. She early embraced the Gospel, being baptized at the age of fifteen; moved to Nauvoo in April 1846; wintered at Winter Quarter, and arrived at Salt Lake City in the fall of 1847 in one of the first regular emigrant trains, with the family of Brother William Bringham; married by President Heber C. Kimball, Nov. 17th, 1848. She, in company with her husband, went as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, remaining there and laboring faithfully, during six years and three months, as school teacher, including needle work, thereby endearing herself to the natives in such a manner as to gain the loving title of mother.

She also attended to the wants of the missionaries, and though her labors were manifold she never complained of her lot--though isolated from friends and home--always ready to comfort the afflicted and teach the ignorant. She there gained a name that will never perish while "Mormonism" lasts with the Sandwich Islanders. Her home was a home for the missionaries, and as Elder George Q. Cannon said in his discourse at the funeral services--she was in word and in deed a SISTER. While there she gave birth to three children, thereby adding to her other cares.

She, with her husband returned in time to share in the trials and troubles of the move South--the same uncomplaining, patient trust in the goodness of God characterizing her every move.

Shortly after the return from the South, she settled in Ogden City. There she manifested the spirit of a true pioneer in encouraging the building up of the place. While there she made many friends by her suavity of manners and gentleness of spirit. From Ogden she moved with her partner in life to Huntsville, Ogden Valley; shortly after she was appointed as President of the Relief Society, acting as such to the day of her death. Her labors in this capacity were arduous; always at her post, though the mother of six sons and six daughters -- the last but sixteen days old at the day of her death -- She was never found wanting; always listening to the counsels of her superiors, she

could thereby give counsel to others. And her counsel, wherever or whenever sought, was given in wisdom, founded upon correct principle. Her death cast a gloom over the entire community, for she was in the sense of the Elliptical phrase, a wife, mother, and friend -- Bishop F.A. Hammond for time has lost a wife, -- her sons and daughters a mother, and the entire community a friend; but in the resurrection of the just, upon which her thoughts were during her last days, they will meet never more to part, provided they make their footsteps to follow in the path she has marked out.

The funeral services were held in the school-house, Thursday, the 7th inst. Present on the stand were Elder George Q. Cannon, Presidents D.H. Peery and Lester J. Herrick, Doctor Seymour Young, Bro. George Nebeker and others from Salt Lake City and Ogden. The meeting house was draped in black, and was crowded to overflowing. Elder George Q. Cannon spoke in touching terms of the worth and labors of the departed, and delivered an excellent discourse upon the resurrection, reading from chapter xix, Book of Alma, Book of Mormon, 318th page. He was followed by President D.H. Peery and Lester J. Herrick. The remarks were consoling to all, especially to the bereaved family.

The procession consisting of forty-seven carriages and wagons proceeded to the new grave yard, west of Huntsville, where after singing, Elder George Q. Cannon dedicated the ground for the interment of the Saints. Thus, even in death, Sister Mary J. Hammond is a pioneer.

Sister Hammond kept her senses until the last breath, and held firmly the faith and a hope in the resurrection.

“Oh, Death! where is thy sting? Oh, Grave! where is thy victory!”

Chas. Wright; Ogden Junction

Deseret News, Nov. 26, 1877-78, p.320.



FRANCIS A. HAMMOND



MARY JANE DILWORTH HAMMOND

THE FAMILY MISSION CALL TO MOVE TO SAN JUAN

When Francis Asbury Hammond moved his big family to Southern Utah to become Stake President of San Juan Stake, his daughter, Amelia May, in 1885 would have been 8 years of age. In order to understand her childhood and know the circumstances associated with her young childhood and teen age years, I have included the foregoing account written by her half-sister (who was 8 years older than Amelia) who describes so well the actual trip made by these motherless children, and how difficult it must have been to leave a beautiful, spacious home in Huntsville, and be crowded into a two room affair so described.

We have to remember that their home in Huntsville adjoined property owned by the David McKay Family from which David O. McKay came to be President of the Church - he was confirmed a member by Francis Asbury Hammond who was the Bishop at that time when the Senior David McKay was on a mission. Amelia was four years of age when David O. McKay was 8 years of age. No doubt had the Hammonds remained in Huntsville, Amelia could have kept company with David O. as young teenage friends in school and church.

But instead, Amelia was in a little town in southern Utah being guarded and protected by a loving stepmother, "Aunt Martha" and an important Priesthood bearer who was a much admired Patriarch of his home and an obedient servant of the leadership of the church. When her Father was away on much business as he traveled the Stake boundary and made periodic trips back to Salt Lake City, it must have been most lonely for those living in Bluff, far away to the south. What a sacrifice this family made and how well they endured all of the trials which made them an outstanding family who knew the Savior.

Donald D. McKay writes in a little pamphlet entitled "Memories of Huntsville and its People" the following:

"Pioneering seems to be a tough job. It certainly was in Utah. Frequently necessity made it so. Often after a settler had been located for some time in their new home and had acquired some

property around, the family might be called to move and help establish a new town somewhere else in a new part of the area. Thus the strenuous work required at first had to be sacrificed in order to get located a second time. The purpose of such a policy was to get settlements established over as wide an area as possible so that a large stream of immigrants coming into the country would have no great difficulty in finding people of their liking and land enough on which to raise food for themselves and acquire a home. Men and families, therefore, who had this experience, were the most suitable people to go into these new places. They thus become important advisors to new comers in all of the problems that were likely to face them in the new settlement.”

This was certainly the situation with Francis Asbury Hammond as the writer continues.

“When I was a small boy, I remember such an occasion occurring. Bishop F. A. Hammond and his family were called to move from our town to Bluff, way down in San Juan County. That town still seems to me to be at the end of the earth. The Bishop had been in our town for quite a few years and by hard work and good management had made himself quite well-to-do. His big, white frame house was on the corner of the lot just east of the Renstrom home. The half of the block north of the house was covered with barns, corrals and sheds. The day he moved out, the whole town watched with heavy hearts as the stock, wagons and all went down the street. I can remember that procession, for I had a feeling in me that something awful was happening. That feeling soon passed off, however.

“The Bishop, it seems, had always been a most hospitable man and he had so gratified that feeling by inviting people to dine at his house. He had built a very long and substantial table of native red pine with rounded ends, and painted red. Upon it, I suppose, a sumptuous feast had been served. Because of its size, I imagine, it could not be transported on those heavily loaded wagons down to distant Bluff, so it was disposed of to my father. The long caravan was not yet out of sight when that table began its trek to our house, followed by a highly pleased boy.

“In the fall and winter of 1883-84, Bishop Hammod and his son, Fletcher B. Hammond, having acquired a considerable number of cattle, made an extended tour of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and parts of Old Mexico, looking for an opportunity to buy a large cattle ranch. No doubt, hearing of his desire to move to the southwest, the First Presidency, in 1884 appointed him to preside over San Juan Stake. He accepted the appointment, sold his holdings in Huntsville, and the following year moved to the isolated town of Bluff. His sons drove 450-500 head of cattle to the new location. (See letter to Bishop Jens Nielsen, 1/27/1885)

“To recount the activities of President Hammond during the following 15 years would take more space than we have here. Besides a vast territory in Utah, his Stake extended into parts of Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. It took him three weeks to make the rounds of the wards and settlements over which he presided, traveling with horses and buggy. All his work was faithfully performed.

“On November 1, 1900, President Hammond observed his 78th birthday. Three weeks later, while visiting the saints in Bloomfield, New Mexico, his horses became frightened and he was thrown from his buggy. He died without regaining consciousness on November 27th, 1900. His body was returned to Utah and buried beside his wife, Mary Jane Dilworth Hammond, and other members of the family in Huntsville.” (Written by Preston Nibley.)

DID YOU KNOW?

When Francis Asbury moved from Huntsville, Utah to Bluff, Utah, he was 63 years old?

Mary Jane Dilworth, his first wife, died when she was 46 years old and had given birth to 12 children, of whom Amelia was his youngest child. He had married Mary Jane on the 11th of November, 1848, when he was 26, and she was 17.

Alice Howard, the second wife, died when she was 28 years of age; she had three children and was 23 years younger than Francis. He had married Alice on the 26th of July, 1864.

Martha Jensina Marcussen Holmes, the third wife, died when she was 85 years of age; she had no children and was 28 years younger than Francis. He married Martha on the 5th of April, 1881.

When the family moved to Bluff from Huntsville, four of Mary Jane's children had died. They were Francis Asbury while on his mission at Sunset, Arizona; (He taught school in the winter and worked on his Father's farm, and at the tithing office in the summer.) George Albert came home from a dance one night, and the family started teasing him about a certain girl with whom he had danced most of the night. He laughed and said he would go to bed and dream about her. While undressing, he fell across the bed, and on Joseph who was in bed. Joseph could not move him off, and called for help. When the help came, they found him dead. W. Edmund had died one month before George; his death was very sudden. These two young men died two years after the death of their Mother. Lizzie Fontella died very suddenly on the 28th of February, 1867. Several children in Huntsville had died suddenly at this time.

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|---------------------------|
| Francis Asbury | B. 15 Sep 1850 | Died 27 Apr 1876, age 25 |
| Samuel Smith | B. 15 Apr 1853 | Died 7 Sep 1916, age 63 |
| Fletcher Bartlett | B. 31 Mar 1855 | Died 3 May 1919, age 64 |
| Mary Moisselle | B. 18 May 1857 | Died 29 Apr 1934, age 76 |
| George Albert | B. 25 Jul 1859 | Died 6 Feb 1879, age 19 |
| William Edmund | B. 11 Aug. 1861 | Died 6 Jan 1879, age 17 |
| Lizzie Fontella | B. 28 Dec 1863 | Died 28 Feb 1867, age 3 |
| Eliza Dilworth | B. 27 Aug 1866 | Died 18 Oct. 1888, age 22 |
| Joseph Heber | B. 21 Oct 1869 | Died 30 Sep 1953, age 83 |

| | | |
|-----------------|----------------|--------------------------|
| Luella Adelaide | B. 27 Jan 1871 | Died 7 Aug 1922, age 51 |
| Maybell Ophelia | B. 23 Nov 1872 | Died 26 Dec 1938, age 66 |
| Amelia May | B. 22 May 1877 | Died 8 Oct. 1910, age 33 |
| John Howard | B. 15 Nov 1856 | Died 28 Feb 1930, age 64 |
| Mary Alice | B. 14 Apr 1869 | Died 21 Apr 1948, age 79 |
| Hannah Howard | B. 15 Jan 1873 | Died 10 Nov 1894, age 21 |

The ages of the unmarried children when they left Huntsville for Bluff were: John 18 yrs, Joseph 16 yrs, Luella Adelaide 14 yrs, Maybell 13 yrs, Hannah 12 yrs, and Amelia May 8 yrs.

The boys all went on missions:

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| Samuel Smith to the Sandwich Islands | left October 8, 1889 |
| John Howard to Great Britain | left April 3, 1896 |
| Joseph Heber to Southern States | left October 12, 1899 |
| Fletcher Bartlett to Great Britain | left December 28, 1909, returned 12 July, 1912 |

When they moved to Bluff, Joseph and John drove wagons; John was on crutches.

SALT LAKE CITY, January 27th, 1885

Bishop Jens Nielson
Bluff City
San Juan, Co.
Utah

Dear Brother,

My son Samuel S. and myself left here on the 16th of December for a trip to your place or Bluff City. On the 20th of same month arrived at Durango in the midst of a fearful snow storm which continued for several days, when it cleared off leaving about 3 feet of snow on the ground.

We expected to meet O.C. Roberts to take us to the Mancos on our way to your place. We hired a livery team to take us over, traveled out about 16 miles and had to return on account of deep snow.

The line back to Pueblo being blockaded we were forced to lay over in Durango till the 2nd inst., when fearing a blockade for the winter, we returned without reaching your place. We may try it again in the Spring, as it is deemed advisable for me to visit the country and people, and advise with you before we move down, that we may be better prepared to advise and counsel the brethren who may be called to accompany me to that place.

I am doing what I can to get ready and so are a few others to move down there next season, but times are so dull and money so scarce that it is almost impossible to sell property for any price that would enable us to move and have anything to make a new home with.

The Church is determined to strengthen your hands, and hold that mission from going into the hands of our enemies, and it is designed to call from 40 to 50 families to accompany me to settle in that vicinity. While in Durango I heard a good deal concerning your country, and I can say in all that I heard there was nothing that tended to discourage me in the least, as to the final outcome of the mission.

From what I could learn I should think fruit and the raising of vegetables would be most profitable rather than trying to raise large crops of small grain.

I learn from the minutes of your late Conference that you are engaged in cleaning out your canal ready for use next season. I heard of a plan for preventing the head of your ditch from filling up with floating sand. "It is to dig the head of your canal from some distance, 2 or 3 feet if practible, deeper than needed, where still water may stand and settle and when full or nearly so cut bank and sluice of the sediment." This may be worth a trial. Sweet corn in roasting cans, for table use I think would sell well in Durango or the mining camps. I saw a few sweet potatoes on sale at Durango at 8 or 9 cents per pound, raised at Farmington about 40 miles from Durango. I would make an effort to get seed and introduce the raising of them, as I believe your climate and soil is admirably adapted to the raising of them.

The seed should be set out as early as first of March in a warm place. When the sprouts are well formed replant about the middle of April, three feet apart each way with plenty of manure or soil around them. If properly tilled they will yield as much as Irish potatoes. Beans I think can be raised with good profit. Excuse me for making these suggestions for I feel a great interest in the welfare of the brethren and sisters who are now nobly holding on to that middion, and my faith is that they will see a bright outcome to their faith and devotion to their labors in that region as I am told by the Presidency and Twelve that "that mission cannot be given up, but must be held and maintained as an important foot-hold --- (paper has been folded on this line, cannot be read) --- to our labors with our Lamanite brethren: 'For they are to figure largely in bringing about the redemption of the people of God in the land of Zion: Therefore as President Taylor observed to me on this subject', We cannot afford to desert them, for if we do they will loose confidence in us."

He feels very earnest in regard to this whole matter concerning the importance of this mission; and he feels to bless and fully sustain the saints who have so faithfully held on to their mission in San Juan Co. and Stake of Zion. I can say the same for Bros. Cannon and Smith and the members of the Quorum of the Twelve. Please write and tell me how you are getting along, and

be free to make any suggestions you may think of that will in any way have a bearing on the question of the Mission concerning the Saints who are there or us who may be preparing to join you as soon as the Lord shall open up our way to do so.

Times are very dark and squally just now. Many of our leading brethren in consequence of the ungodly proceedings of the Courts have to leave their homes and hide up. Bro's Taylor, Brastus Snow, F.M. Lyman, Bp. Sharp and others have just arrived from a visit to Denver, Colo., Arizona, Mexico and California. U. S. Marshalls are as thick as (line blotted out. Next page, just the word "Peace.")

F. A. Hammond

P. S. Please address Huntsville, Weber Co. Utah. Please accept my thanks for the very full and intelligent letter in detail you send in answer to mine of inquiries. I read it to President Taylor and Cannon and many others. They all thought it very full and comprehending a good deal in a little space.

F. A. H.

(An account written of Mary Howard Hammond (second wife of Francis Asbury Hammond) by her daughter, Mary Alice Hammond Sorensen.)

I am the daughter of Francis Asbury Hammond and his second wife, Alice Howard. My father was born in Long Island, New York and my mother was born in Southport, England. I was born April 14, 1869 in Huntsville, Weber County, Utah. My Mother, Alice Howard Hammond, died when I was about four years old, leaving a baby just two weeks old whose name was Hannah. I had one brother, John H. Hammond, and eleven half sisters and one half brother.

When my Mother died, my Father's first wife, Mary Jane Dilworth Hammond, took "we" three children into her home with her own children to raise. (Mary Jane Dilworth was the first school teacher in Utah.) When I was about eight years old, she died also leaving a baby two weeks old, but doing her confinement, I acted as her nurse.

My Father, Francis Asbury Hammond, was the first Bishop of Huntsville, and he owned a very large house, a large farm, and many cattle. He had a county office which required him to be away from home most of the time. Because my oldest sister, Moisselle, was married, this left most of the care of the house to my sister, Eliza, who was four years older than I; and the little baby girl, which Mary Jane left was named Amelia.

We had to entertain all visitors who came to visit the ward because there was no hotel in Huntsville. We had to cook, wash, and help keep house for all the family and hired men. Father tried to hire help, but they would stay only a short time and then leave. Father finally married Martha Holmes, whom we called Aunt Martha. She was a very good wife and Mother, not having any children of her own.

When the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association was organized in Huntsville, my sister, Moisselle, was put in as President. Sisters Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. Young, and Josephine West came up and stayed at our house while there to organize, and Eliza R. Snow spoke in tongues twice; it was interpreted once by Sister Young and once by my Father.

I was baptized by my Father when eight years old, and went to school as the other children did, but being without a Mother, and there being so much to do with a large house and family, I had to work very hard during my childhood. Besides helping in the house, I had to milk cows, work in the field and around the barn.

When the new meeting house was dedicated, President John Taylor and all of the Apostles came to the dedication and they all stayed at our home. We all gave up our beds to them and slept in the barn on the hay. When I was sixteen years old, Father was called to preside over the San Juan Stake in Southern Utah. This Stake included part of Colorado and New Mexico, and this turned out to be a Mission for the whole family. The first time Father went down, he took my brother Joe and myself with him. My brother, Samuel, went also and took his family. We had a long and hard journey, and the principal town was called Bluff City. This was during the time when the raids were on against polygamy; we were joined by a number of families who were on what they called "the underground." We went by what was called the lower route, crossing Lees Ferry across the Colorado River. The roads were very poor and we often had to fix them before we could pass over them. Many times we would have to cut the brush and fill up the washes and then cover them with dirt so we could go on. Many times, we would have to double team to get up the steep hills and very sandy roads. When we came to Lees Ferry, the boat was so small we had to unload our wagons, take them apart and take them across the river "parts at a time." Our horses had to swim across and we were all day just crossing the river. This was a very trying time and we were afraid all day that some accident might occur, but we finally got everything and everybody across and loaded up again. The road from there to Bluff was almost impassable but by hard and tedious work, we finally arrived. The country over which we traveled was very much a desert, and we had a hard time getting water for us and the animals. Before we reached Bluff, three men with teams came out to meet us and help get us there. In a joke, they told us all women and girls had to kiss the first Indian they met, or they would not be our friends. This worried us quite a bit until we finally found out it was a joke.

Upon arriving at Bluff, we were very kindly met and received by the people and found most of the families there had come from Cedar and Parowan in Iron County. Platte Lyman, their President

and many families had become discouraged and had moved away. Bluff City was a very hard (coarse) looking place, and was situated on the bank of the San Juan River, between the river and the high, solid rock bluffs. Because the ground was very sandy, the river would frequently change its course. The town was small and the houses were built of cotton wood logs (not very straight with dirt roofs and floors.)

There were about eight or ten families living there at the time we arrived but the families that were traveling with us located there also, which increased the population some. We stayed in Bluff until July when my Father, my brother, Joe, myself and a girl friend, Dude Haskell, started back for Huntsville to bring the remainder of the family who had been called with Father on this mission. We returned by way of the Blue Mountains, Moab, and the Green River. When we arrived at Green River, Father took a train for Ogden and left us three young people to find our way with a team and wagon over a country we had never traveled before. We two girls were sixteen and Joe was fourteen years of age. We had many peculiar experiences but arrived back in Huntsville on the 24th of July.

In October of the same year, 1885, we started back with our family after selling all we could and what we couldn't sell, we gave away. Just before we left, the people of this wonderful ward gave us a farewell party and everyone turned out the next day to bid us farewell. Many tears were shed because we were leaving wonderful friends. One of my best friends and next door neighbor, was David O. McKay and his family. On the entire trip back to Bluff, I drove a span of horses with a white top buggy; Aunt Martha and all of the younger children were in this buggy with me. My Father drove a buckboard so he could supervise the company. With us was my brother, Fletcher and family, my sister, Moisselle and her husband, my brother John driving a span of mules, George Halls and two hired teamsters. Three hired men, my brother Fletcher and Joseph drove the cattle, of which we had 500 head. We had to travel slowly so the herd could keep up with us, therefore some days we traveled only about eight miles, but some days as many as fifteen. We were loaded very heavily because we took as much furniture, belongings and provisions with us as we could in the wagons we had. We camped wherever we could get water and feed for the stock, sometimes buying hay for our horses.

When we arrived at Springville, my team was frightened by a train and I was unable to manage them. They backed the buggy right into the moving train and it bumped each car as they passed by. It tore the campstove off the back of the buggy, bent the axle tree and broke the tongue. Aunt Martha and the children were badly frightened and it took an entire day to repair the damage. On the way up Spanish Fork Canyon, the horses were constantly being frightened by the trains, and it was all I could do to hold them back. We had tents where we girls would sleep at night while the rest of the company would sleep in the wagons. Sometimes the wind would almost blow our tents over.

We did not travel on Sunday and when we were near a town, we would attend Sunday meetings. We went through Juab, Sanpete, and Emery Counties. The hills were very steep, and the roads very bad as before and because the dugways were sliding, we nearly tipped over many times. Some times we would lay over and wait for the cattle and at times the horses would stray off and we would have to be delayed until they were found. When we arrived at the Green River we had to pay twelve dollars for each wagon we had ferried across, so we made all of our horses and cattle swim across. The Green River is the largest one by far in all of northern Utah. The roads from here on were very sandy which made traveling very slow and hard on the cattle and teams. The canyon from Court House Springs to Green River was very dangerous. When we got to the Grand River which is also very wide, we decided to ford it. Brother Hyrum Taylor of Moab came and helped us across. The buggy I was driving was quite light and the river swift, so the stream washed the back end around until it was headed down stream, so we had quite a time getting it across to the other side.

When we finally arrived at Moab, we found that it had been taken from the Emery Stake and attached to the San Juan Stake over which Father was now President. We had to stay here for some time for him to hold meetings and get things in working order. While here I had the usual experience of girls at that time because one of the men living in Moab wanted me to be his second wife. I have had many proposals of this kind, one from an apostle! They tried to make me believe that only those living in plural marriage could get into the Celestial Kingdom, therefore many

women would help their husbands get other wives. While in Moab, Father bought some fruit and shade trees from Brother Warner who had a large orchard and vineyard.

Leaving Moab, we traveled on and had a very hard time getting up Blue Hill or Clay Hill as it is sometimes called. When we arrived at Kane Springs, my brother-in-law George Halls, had his wagon tip over in the stream we were crossing and a Brother Nich Wilson got into the stream of cold water and helped get the wagon out. No one was hurt but some bottles of fruit were broken. The road was very sandy through Dry Valley until we got to Peters Hill, where we had to double team again to get up. From there until we got south of the Blue Mountains there was lots of grass but not much water. Before reaching Bluff we had lots more of sandy roads, but just the same, we had to camp one night we had to camp there the snow was two inches deep all over the ground. It was very cold and hard to keep warm, but we had plenty of fire wood so we kept a fire going all night and we would try to keep warm by turning on one side and then the other. My brother, Sam, came and met us here.

We arrived at Bluff the evening of December 4, being just fifty days from the time we had left Huntsville. We, as well as our horses, were very tired. We stayed with my brother, Samuel, and his family until we could get a house to move into. We got a two room house made of logs with a dirt roof and floors, so we lined the ceilings and walls with factory material, fastened our rag carpets to the floor with wooden pegs, hung up our pictures and lace curtains and tried to make it as homelike as possible. The next day it began to rain and it can really rain in that country. The roof leaked, water and mud came through onto our clean walls and ceiling and onto our lovely bedspreads and everything we had been so careful in arranging. We got all our buckets, pans and tubs and placed them all over the beds and around everywhere to catch the rain and mud. Father sat in his rocking chair, holding his umbrella and reading while poor Aunt Martha sat in the corner crying. We had many experiences of this kind. Every time it rained, we would have to take the linings of our house down and wash them, and place them back up after they had dried. This was not at all what we had been used to, because we had left a beautiful home in Huntsville. However, the people received us kindly, and as time went by, we had many enjoyable times in Bluff!

There was a large cottonwood tree just below town where there was a large swing, and we young people had this for our meeting place. The Navajo reservation was just across the river, so there were many Indians around our town all of the time; they would bring their wool, pelts, and blankets to the co-op store which was their trading post. Because it was a good stock town there were also many cowboys and sometimes they would get drunk and start shooting up the town. They would shoot the lights out where we would be dancing and then we girls would run for home as fast as we could, hiding behind fences and trees as we went.

My father, Francis Asbury Hammond, was thrown from his carriage and killed just after he had organized a ward in New Mexico. The people named this ward after him. Before I was married, I held the position of Stake Primary Secretary and also, I was a member of the Stake Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association. I became a member of the Relief Society at the age of seventeen.

When I was 20 years old, I married Andrew Philip Sorensen, who had come from Smithfield, Cache County, to teach school in Bluff. We were married on August 28, 1889 in the Logan Temple. We lived in Bluff three years and then moved to Monticello, Utah where my husband taught school and we also owned the co-op store. While living here for four years we had many difficult times with the Indians and wild cowboys. While living here I was President of the Primary.

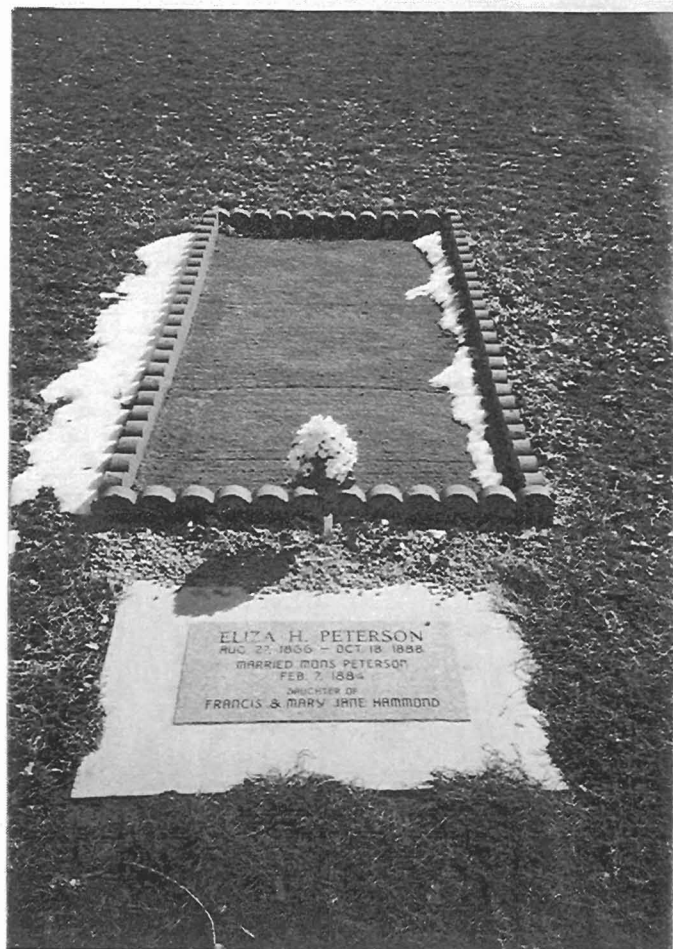
We then moved to Moab where most of our nine children were born. We had a pair of twin babies who died during infancy and seven other children, five boys and two girls. In 1910, we moved to Taylor, Weber County, Utah. I have held nearly every position as an officer in the church where a woman can work, but I find the greatest joy and honor that can come to a woman is to be a wife and mother and to work as I now am in the Temple of the Lord for the salvation of our dead ancestors.

My Mother lived a short, useful life and although she was a polygamous wife she was happy for she loved her husband and children and had the respect of all of Father's family, as also the love

of a good husband. Plural families are as happy as other families when they live in purity and unselfishness as it was designed they should live. These two wives loved each other and learned to do so through the close association with each other, helping each other all they could, waiting on and nursing each other during child birth. Aunt Mary Jane was the postmistress for a time, so Mother went into her home and helped with the work and the children. I was born in Aunt Mary Jane's home, and she helped Mother care for the new infant.



Martha Jesina Marcussen
(Amelia's Stepmother)
Francis A. Hammond married
her April 5, 1881 (Amelia was
then 4 years old.)



Monticello, Utah



Eliza Hammond Peterson
Amelia's older sister

(Letter of Amelia May Hammond, written to her Father, Francis A. Hammond. The outside of the envelope is addressed: F.A. Hammond, Salt Lake City, Utah, In care of W.W. Riter. On one end of the envelope, Grandfather has written: Miss Amelia Hammond, Received August 23, 1889; Answered August 23, 1889)

Dear Papa:

Bluff, San Juan Co.

Utah

August 12, 1889

According to my promise I will now endeavor to write you a few lines to let you know how we are getting along. We are well and hope you and Mary are the same. We feel very lonesome since you left, we stay alone here during the day. Lizzie Allen stays here with us at nights because it is so lonesome at nights and there are so many Indians have been singing and dancing every night. They did a good deal of shooting and they are going to sing and dance for five nights for rain. Brother Jones said he never knew them to act so saucy before. The other night they went into Brother Barton's lot and stole all his watermelons but 3 which were hidden in some squash vines. They have stolen Hans Bayles and Lemuel Reed's field potatoes. They dug up most of the vines and took all they could carry and left the rest on the vines. This morning when Ma woke up just at sunup there were 6 large Utes on horseback standing watching us. Ma was much frightened to see them. Red Jacket was with them. They stood talking to each other for a long while and wouldn't go off. They didn't say what they wanted. All the Sisters are very much frightened. The water has come into the ditch but it is a very small stream, just one can of water at a time. We just took the water a little while ago on the garden.

Ma has hired an Indian to weed the corn and pay him 75 cents a day. He has been here two days and we have talked about keeping him another day. The corn is wilting for the want of water but the weeding is doing it some good. Ma has just gone down to see Brother Barton about putting a floor down tomorrow. Two law officers arrived here last Sunday night at 12 o'clock. Brother Bailey came from the mountain just 10 minutes before they came. Brother Bailey rushed all of the men out and they went to the mountains with their blankets to sleep and when they came back in the morning they found out they did not come for our brethren but they came for some train robbers.

I suppose you have heard about at Thompson Springs. Brothers Redd and Allen were going to Burnham but the Bishop did think it safe to go. This is all I can think of this time. Hoping this letter will find you well. Write and tell us if you have had good health. May God bless you and prosper you on your journey is the best wishes of your daughter.

Amelia Hammond

P.S. Brother Decker has not returned yet, but Sister Decker thinks that they will either be here tonight or else tomorrow. Brother Barton's girls did not go to the Mancos. The Navajos come in town about sundown and then they go home about 1 or 2 o'clock. They come in late just so they can steal the melons at night. Last night Ma woke up and there were three crowds passed. Give my love to Mary and Philip. A.M. Hammond

P.S. I forgot to say that Ma sends her love to you and Mary. (Mary is Amelia's older sister, who had accompanied her Father to Salt Lake City.)

Concerning Amelia's home when she moved to Bluff with her family, we have a copy of a letter written to his grand-daughter-in-law, Mary Ann Whetten Lyman by Albert R. Lyman of Blanding, Utah in which he tells a few lines concerning such:

When President Hammond came to Bluff, he built a stone house on the west end of town, real near to Cottonwood Wash. It was for a long time the best house in town. There seems now to be no trace of it remaining (1958).

As I said, the Hammond house was on the west edge of town to the wash where the trail came in from Sand Island. Here the Navajos passed in long lines on horses as they came into town to trade. In the summer, as they would be passing the Hamond home, Amelia would climb upon the fence and call, "Peacheshosheny". By this means she cashed in on what otherwise would have gone to waste.

Following is a copy of a letter which Amelia wrote to her Father at age 12 - she would have been 13 her following birthday - May 22, 1890.

F.A. Hammond
Utah
Patchogue, Long Island, New York

Bluff, San Juan Co.,
February 5th, 1890

Dear Pa:

I received your most kind and welcome letter on January 29th. The reason I have my directions so far apart is that I tried to follow Hannah's (Hannah is her half sister, born 15 January, 1873, daughter of Alice Howard Hammond, Hannah would be 4 years older than Amelia) fashion and did not know how to. Gunner has just now come up to coax her to go to the dance to Fletcher's. It is just the first night that Hannah has been out except to attend to meetings. I don't know what to tell you as there is not much news. Pa, please come home, we need you so much at home and I am so lonesome that I do not know what to do. Ma has not come home from the mail yet, and I want to hurry so as to go down to the mail with Hannah. Hannah just told me to stop so as I can go now. O Pa are you going to conference to Mancos? Maybell wants to go and stay with Moisselle. Ma is well but very lonesome. This is all for this time. So goodnight, from

Amelia Hammond

Albert R. Lyman writes to his grand daughter-in-law, Mary Ann Whetten Lyman, the following:

I am delighted to welcome you into the numerous group of my posterity. In your joining with us you make a substantial contribution to our standards, and what you bring is very much appreciated. I promised you I would write something about your grandmother, (Amelia May Hammond Allred) and her people, and I am writing offhand, herewith, some of the memories that come to me.

As I look back over sixty-seven years to the time when, as a boy, eleven years old, I first met Amelia Hammond, it occurs to me that she must have made quite an impression, for her face is as clear on the tablets of my recollection as if it were but yesterday. Her's was a pleasant face and beaming with intelligence. She was a year or two older than I, and therefore, just a little above the age-group with whom I associated, but her nephew, Frank Hammond, son of Fletcher Hammond Sr., was my very intimate friend, making me quite well acquainted with his youthful Aunt, not only by his frequent references of her, and things that he told about her, but by bringing me into her company more often than if I had not been so often with him.

Amelia's Mother, Mary Jane Dilworth Hammond, had died at least seven years before that time, and I think Amelia was the youngest of the big group of children. The widow who worked at the Hammond home about the time of, or soon after the death of Mary Jane Dilworth, became the third, and at that time the only wife of Francis A. Hammond. She was a Mother to Amelia who, with the others of the family, called her "Aunt Martha." She was a Danish woman, having but one eye, and her English was broken.

The family used to tell, jokingly, that she worked so long for Brother Hammond, and his motherless children, that he owed her so much the best way he said to meet the obligation, was to marry and forget about it.

I never did find out just who the second wife was, nor when she died, nor just which ones of the children were hers. I understood that she was the Mother of John Howard Hammond, and Mary Hammond Sorensen, and Hannah Hammond, a girl just a little older than Amelia. When I became acquainted with the family, Joe, Maybell, Hannah and Amelia were the only ones of the children still at home; Joe and Maybell were about twenty.

Hannah and Amelia were together a great deal, so much so that often in speaking of one, we spoke of the other. They were at home alone on the occasion of Hannah's sudden and mysterious death. It was a terrible shock to Amelia who, when she saw Hannah go into a "fit" from which she did not revive, screamed in terror and ran from the house. She must somehow have gotten word to the home of her brother, Fletcher, five blocks away, for Frank came running into Primary and announced, breathlessly, "Hannah Hammond is dead!"

President Hammond was away at the time, on a trip around the Stake, and a horseman was sent to find him. I remember how he mourned for his daughter, and I recall his tearful face at the grave as he said, "Bless her days." He had lost a grown son, Frank, and his two wives, and had sorrows and experiences to make him a man of faith and understanding of the gospel. His hair and beard were gray when I knew him first. My acquaintance with him and his family lasted about ten years. I knew the President's stalwart son Sam, who lived for a while in Mancos, and I knew John Hammond, Luella Hammond Halls and Moisselle Hammond Halls, all of whom seemed old enough to be Amelia's parents.

I don't remember that I ever saw Amelia after the family moved to Moab; she went to Provo to school, and I heard that she had married a man by the name of Allred. The last that I heard of her was that she had made the great sacrifice of motherhood, giving her life that another soul might come into the world. That gave her name a certain sanctity in my memory while many years and many changes came and went.

Then one day a fine, intelligent man and woman came to my home, and he introduced himself as Lester B. Whetten, and his wife told me she was the last child of Amelia May Hammond. I

looked at her and recalled the dear past and could have shed tears. In her face I could see the very stirring resemblance to a brilliant and vivacious girl I had known in Bluff half a century before, the girl who gave her life that another might live, and this beautiful woman before me was that other soul. This, after so many years, held some fine element of romance - the wondrous features of human destiny that carries on and on.

The romantic phase of it became more pronounced and more appealing still when I met Mary Ann Allred Whetten, and she became my grand-daughter-in-law, a part of my own tribe.

But when I saw Lynda Lyman, my great grand-daughter, bright and beautiful and sweet, and considered who she is, and all this line from whom she is descended, I thought of it not as the culmination of the romance, but as the beginning of it, a romance which will carry on through wondrous occasions and surprising family ties to the end of time.

I appreciate the Whettens, the Allreds, the Hammonds, the Dilworths, and I am glad to be related to them, and hope that I, and my numerous family will hold and cherish all the lofty ideals that they cherished.

(Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah, Oct. 4, 1958)

This following story is from Gladys Lyman, wife of Albert R. Lyman:

I am pretty slow about this business but I've kept it in my mind all the while, and just couldn't seem to get at it. I went to see Sister Barton: as I told you. She thought she could give me some interesting things about your grandmother, Amelia May Hammond, but when I was there she said she had "racked" her brain and could recall but very little. I'll jot down here what little she said, just as if it were she speaking.

"Amelia was her father's favorite. She was lively, ambitious and of a happy disposition. Wherever she went she was accorded homage and respect; she seemed like some one very special and was treated that way. For instance, my Mother had a few very choice pears at a time when fruit was very scarce. She had just picked the pears and was preparing them for canning one morning and we children were standing around watching, and Mother washed them carefully, and peeled them. We each got only a taste, and she said we could have the peelings. Amelia happened to come in just then and Mother got one of her prized china dishes, selected one of the nicest pears and gave it to Amelia. That is the way she was treated wherever she went.

"Hannah and Amelia were thrifty. When their peach trees began to bear they would dry the peaches and sell all they didn't need. They would dry other peoples' peaches on shares. At one time they were drying them on shares for Rachel Perkins, and some cows got in and ate most of the drying peaches. Hannah went to Sister Perkins and told her she was sorry, but the cows had eaten all her share of the peaches."

The time is April month of 1884, Amelia's Father's journal records that the family is preparing to attend General Conference in Salt Lake City. In company with Martha, son Joseph, daughter Amelia May, and daughter Moisselle with husband, George Halls, together with wife Martha, the family travels to Ogden, went shopping a little, then went out to dinner at the Oyster Bay Restaurant, following which they took passage to Salt Lake City, arriving at 5 p.m. some of whom stayed at the home of his wife Martha's sister, Gerhardina Thomstorff, and Francis stayed at the home of Seymour Young. Following Conference, they attend a musical at the tabernacle. Francis is concerned about making preparations to obey counsel of the First Presidency to remove his family to Bluff. He states that he cannot go until he sells all of his property at Huntsville.

Returning home to Huntsville, he proceeds to set out fruit trees he has obtained from Council Bluff, and does wheat planting. In May, he writes all hands at work as the girls cleared off dry weeds from a five acre patch of Lucerne. Samuel is away to attend the dedication of the Logan Temple. The family celebrates that birthday of Moisselle, but on May 22nd, Amelia's birthday, his journal reads that they ploughed the "lot for potatoes." However, they remember to celebrate Brigham Young's birthday on May 31st, 1884.

On July 4th, 1884, there is no celebration, but he did take the children over to the cooperative store for some treats, and there was a dance in the evening for the children. At this time, Amelia would be age 7.

On October 16th, 1885, The Francis A. Hammond family leaves for Bluff, with 500 head of stock, wagons, household goods, and family including himself, wife Martha, son John, son Joseph, daughter Mary, Luella, Maybell, Hannah, Amelia May, (nine in the family) son Fletcher, wife and 4 children, son-in-law George Halls, and wife Moisselle, Thomas Halls, and Peter, a hired boy to drive my team, and Joseph going with the herd, together with five men hired to assist us in our travels.

On January 29th, 1886, he tells of his family beginning life anew in this new country. We are quite comfortable however, in a log cabin of two rooms, with a dirt roof and dirt floor, 2 windows

which are considered quite a luxury here, (only one shingle roof in the settlement) and Ogden, Weber Co. Utah some 500 miles or more from here. The children commenced school yesterday, and we celebrate the birthday of my daughter Hannah by my wife Alice. She is 13 years old today.

By September of 1888, the family has become small with only Martha, Hannah and Amelia at home. In another year, Philip Sorensen has asked permission to marry his daughter Mary and Francis has about consented as Philip appears to be a very steady young man, diligent in his calling, but of poor but respectable parents.

On this page, I must write about their move for improvement in living quarters which was done some 2 years after arriving in Bluff. On Nov. 14, 1887, they arose early, prepared breakfast and commenced to move their household items into the stone cottage situated on a small hill south of the principal part of the little town called Bluff which now contains about 18 to 20 families, all living in a very inferior class of log cabins. "They all have dirt roofs except mine (writes Francis) which has a shingle roof. The fences and streets are in bad repair or state; there are very few shade or fruit trees on the place. Good crops of corn and cane have been produced the past season. Corn is 3 cents per lb.; we have a fair clip of wool from our "co-op" sheep, sheared twice clip amounting to about 3,000 lbs, and realized about 13 cents per lb. and a fair crop of calves from our cattle herd. Some difference is expected on account of cattle owned by others who have lately turned loose some 2,000 head in our range.

While lifting household goods in moving, I injured my bad back again, but we are quite well pleased with our new home. I have dedicated the house and all of the surroundings unto the Lord and rebuked all evil spirits from the dwelling and blessed to have our dwelling and habitation that we may abide in such as well as those who may come into it.

Our stone cottage has two rooms, one about 12 feet square, the other about 12 feet by 16 feet. We have 2 small log cabin rooms belonging to the Bishop which we can use, as well as 2 more very nearby on the south available, so altogether we are quite comfortably fixed.

Hannah and Amelia are starting school (Nov. 17, 1887) and speak in terms of praise for their teacher, a Sister Balise, daughter of Father Balise, who has just arrived from Utah.

January 10, 1888, my daughter Amelia is slightly troubled with something akin to the St. Vitus Dance - her right arm and side jerk and twitch involuntarily; I hope however there will be nothing serious come of it.

On 22nd of August, Francis took Amelia and the girls to conference (Stake) at Monticello. It seems that Amelia's Father always took one or more of the family with him when he was occupied with his church administration responsibilities. In July of 1889, Joseph, Amelia's brother, brought home from freight at Durango, an organ for Amelia. She was very much pleased with such.

On Saturday, April 4th, 1891, Amelia and a few of the young folks took food and went up "Cow Canyon" for a day of recreation.

In the following month of May the girls were assisting their Father in the garden chores. Francis said it was a healthy exercise and they quite enjoyed it. When Francis would have to travel to visit the Wards on Stake business, Amelia would do her best to care for the home and gardens.

The following comments I find included in the journal of Amelia's Father as to what might be happening in the intervening years she is still living at home in Bluff with the family:

On Monday, July 29, 1889, Francis records his feelings about Amelia's Mother, it being her birthday anniversary: "This is the birthday of my wife's birthday (my first wife) a kind and loving Mother, a noble woman, a true and faithful wife who has now been dead over 12 years, and I have not ceased to miss her in the years as they pass. Oh, my Father, help me to so live out my days allotted me here in such a manner that I may be worthy of my dear wives and children who have passed on to the other side of the veil."

As to how he feels about one of his children, he writes "Maybell, my daughter, went up to spend the 24th at Monticello. She has not returned; I am not pleased with her going without my consent."

Then, about Amelia: "She is much taken up with her music, she has mastered several tunes without any assistance other than books. In Salt Lake, I received a letter from my dear little daughter, Amelia, in Bluff. She states the Indians from Los Pinas Agency are very troublesome, they steal watermelons and are digging crops of potatoes, shooting about the streets, and acting very saucy and insolent. They are a portion of the Indians who are interested in the late Southern Ute Treaty and they are mad because the government had not ratified the treaty. I fear we may have serious trouble with them. Extracts from Amelia's letter were published in the Deseret News. I called on President Woodruff, Cannon, and Smith to receive a recommend for my daughter, Mary, to be married to Philip Sorensen on 28th of Aug. 1889."

During 1890 and 1891, Francis continued to have back problems, but would seem to arouse himself to attend General Conferences and continue to make his visits as Stake President. Much of the garden and yard work fell to the girls who, with Martha's help and his - "all four would not amount to as much as one good hired hand to do the work." Amelia was always concerned about her Father and tried to help or be with him to give as much assistance as she possibly could, like hauling Lucerne and corn from the fields. On one such visit, they reported the birth of a new calf when he returned. This pleased their Father as now he commented they would have plenty of milk and butter for his small family.

In March of 1893, Francis is keen on surely visiting Salt Lake, as it is the time of the dedication of the Temple. He takes Martha with him as they make their way by buggy to Moab, leave their horses and buggy there, and continue on to Thompson Springs by coach, and then to Ogden and Salt Lake City. This time Amelia is left at home to care for their home and responsibilities.

The important date is April 6, 1893 - in connection with the dedication, Francis and Martha, together with members of their San Juan Stake would be privileged to be in the audience

composed of the General Authorities of the Church Presidency, Quorum of the Twelve members, Seventies Presidency, Stake Presidents and Counselors, Patriarchs, Bishops and Counselors, Presiding Bishopric members, Wives of the deceased Prophets and Apostles, Relief Society Presidency, and some families of the General Authorities, all by recommends, "passed through the south gate of the Temple block through all the rooms of the Temple from the basement where the baptismal font is placed on the backs of twelve life sized oxen in bronze, where baptisms are performed for the living and the dead; then on up to the celestial room. We were surprised and filled with wonder with the beauty and finish of every room, as it was most costly and grand, until we came to the upper floor when we were struck dumb as it were, with astonishment at the heavenly grandeur of this - the room of rooms. It defies description by the pen of mortals as to the effect it produced in the mind and heart of a true Latter-day Saint. It was indeed the Holy of Holies, and we felt the Majesty of Heaven was there. No cost had been spared to fit and prepare this Holy Temple for an offering unto our God. Gold and silver and precious stones had been used in rich profusion, and the highest of the arts had been sought and obtained in painting and adorning this beautiful Temple."

"Many Gentiles and prominent people had been invited to pass through the Temple yesterday before dedication, and their universal test was that it is the finest building one earth ever built as a religious edifice. All Stake Presidents were invited to attend all dedicatory services as long as they would last." Francis was so impressed that he attended every dedicatory session - on April 15th, President Woodruff was ill through the heavy strain placed upon his busy days with the heavy responsibility of the dedicatory sessions.

"Amelia forwarded my mail to me in care of Brother Riter, our long time friend, where we spent some time in staying at their home. On April 24th, 1893, we returned to Bluff and found Amelia well and very glad to see us and hear all about our trip wherein we were able to recount and entertain her with the delightful experience of being in our beautiful Temple edifice where she will be privileged to enter at some future time. She was delighted to hear our report."

“Amelia had kept everything in good shape and taken care of during our absence. She is a wonderfully good girl, and the joy of my life! The next day after our return, Amelia helped me with preparing our garden. Already we have ready radishes and onions for our table use. Amelia and I planted the balance of our garden.”

“On May 15th, Amelia accompanied me in my visit to Moab for our Stake Conference. I gave her permission to visit her sister, Mary for a period of time.”

“Hannah returned home with me. Martha has been alone: she looks after our chores and is a true wife and companion in my old age. Hannah assisted me in planting our corn, and Martha and Hannah helped me with our Lucerne.”

“July 4, 1893, My daughter Amelia has returned home from her visit with Mary Sorenson, and we are really glad to have Amelia home again. She is the life of our home, cheerful and full of spirit!”

“Amelia was telling me her Father a little incident that happened one day at school when she was much younger. The question was asked in school, ‘Who the President of the United States was?’ and also, ‘What kind of a house did he live in?’ Walter Stevens who was still attending school in Bluff, didn’t know the right answer; he turned to James M. Redd for the answer, who told him that the President was President Hammond, and that he lived in a white house. At that time President Hammond had the only stone building in Bluff; all of the rest of the houses were dug-outs. So, Walter Stevens apparently believed James’s statement. When Stevens’ turn came to recite before the class, he indicated that President Hammond was the President of the United States and he lived in a white house.”

“This made a great uproar in the class for Stevens apparently beat up Redd later and embarrassed Amelia Hammond who was sitting in the class.”

Ruth Hammond, the wife of Faye Hammond, who was the son of Joseph Hammond, told me by phone that Joe and Amelia used to plan programs of speaking and singing when the family would

Amelia May Hammond, (July,
1896) Arrayed in her Maid of
Honor Dress, as Attendant to
the Queen of the Carnival held
Salt Lake City



Provo, January 16 1898

A blessing by Charles D. Evans, Patriarch, upon the head of Amelia May Hammond, daughter of Frances Asbury and Mary Jane Hammond, daughter born in Huntsville, Weber County, Utah, May 22, 1877.

Sister Amelia May Hammond, in the name of Jesus Christ and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood, I lay my hands upon thy head and seal a blessing upon thee which is Patriarchal, as the Lord shall direct, for thou hast come in faith and the Lord's blessing shall rest upon thee, and His Spirit give thee strength, that thou mayest not falter in the hour of trial.

Thou art a descendant of Ephraim, and thy geneology is far reaching, and thou shalt aid in redeeming them.

I bless thee with faith to unlock the mysteries of the Father. And thou shalt live when nothing but faith will save the righteous, and when the wicked are cut off.

I bless thee with the attribute of wisdom; and Eternal Wisdom will be thy gift for I seal it upon thee.

Thy eyes will see the arm of the Lord revealed and His Church prevail. Thy feet will not wander into darkness, if thou wilt heed the voice of the Spirit. Thy guardian angel has led thee and delivered thee, and thou wilt be hedged about by power and be redeemed by the angel of the Lord. No enemy shall prevail against thee, and he that would conspire against thee shall fail, for thy name is written on high and will remain in the Book of the Lamb, and when the angels reap down the earth thou shalt have thy inheritance and thy children bless thee. They will not turn from the truth. Thou wilt be firm as a rock, which the tempest moves not, and the cunning of men will not deceive thee, and thou shalt stand in the flesh when great cities are destroyed. I bless thee that thy house may remain.

Thou shalt have food and raiment and riches in abundance. God will remember His covenant with thee and when thou askest thou shalt receive.



Amelia with her friends - and
brother

1. Amelia (1st row left)
2. Uriah Nielson
3. Anne Ellen Thomson
4. Constance Decker
5. Frank Hammond (2nd left)
6. Carol Markason
7. Euneta Nielson Johnson

Lehi, December 29, 1901

A Patriarchal blessing by Henry Moyle upon the head of Amelia May Allred, daughter of Francis Asbury Hammond and Mary J. Dilworth, born at Huntsville, Weber Co. Utah, May 22, 1877.

Sister Amelia May, in the name of Jesus Christ and by authority of the Holy Priesthood, I pronounce and seal upon thee a patriarchal blessing.

Thou art one of the fair daughters of Ephraim, and through thy faithfulness the blessings of Sarah of old shall be continued upon thee, even the blessing of eternal increase, which I seal upon thee, even the blessing of eternal increase, which I seal upon thee, for thou art precious in the sight of God, and the arm of His love surrounds thee.

Thy mission thus far through life has been directed by the providential hand of the Almighty and thy future destiny is great and glorious. For thou shall be honored in thy day and generation, as one of the chosen handmaidens of the Lord. Thou shall win the love and esteem of many surrounding thee throughout thy life with thy words and deeds of kindness. Thou shalt sit in council and preside among the daughters of Zion, and through dreams and through visions and revelations of God, thy mind shall become enlightened and joy and gladness shall accompany thee.

Thou shalt be numbered with those who shall tread the sacred portals of that holy temple that shall be erected in the center stake of Zion, and thy eyes shall behold great and glorious manifestations therein, even the face of the Redeemer.

Thou shalt be annointed a queen and a priestess to thy Lord.

And a great labor thou shall perform for thy departed kindred.

And every blessing thy heart may desire in righteousness I seal upon thee.

And I seal thee up unto eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, a savior upon Mt. Zion, and with thy Lord to inherit thrones, principalities, and powers throughout the countless ages of eternity, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Patriarchal Blessing, Amelia May Allred. Recorded in Book H, Page 98.
Henry Moyle, Patriarch, Alpine, Utah.

AMELIA MAY HAMMOND'S MARRIAGE TO J. URBAN ALLRED

When J. Urban Allred proposed marriage to her, she replied with this letter.

Dearest,

I pledge to you my love, my sacred honor, and my all. It is with feelings of pride that my hand and my heart is this day entrusted to your future guardianship. Keep it sacred in the recess of your heart. In all humility and sacred honor, I accept you as my husband and protector, believing that in you I have a man, with whom, if we are faithful, I can be exalted in the world to come.

Amelia

A PORTRAIT OF AMELIA MAY HAMMOND

A queenly woman, statuesque and grand,
Regal in manner, courteous in command,
Of reverential presence, and her face
Radiantly fair, beaming with hope and grace,
Her vibrant life one long sweet symphony
Of duty, love and soulful harmony.

THE WHISTLING REGIMENT

(Grandmother Allred - Edna Bingham - sent this to Mary Ann when she was collecting genealogy for my Book of Remembrance to give to me as a Christmas gift. She includes this note, "Grandpa says Amelia gave this reading in public. Your mother may wish to keep it.")

1.

When the North and South had parted, and the boom of the signal gun
Had awakened the Northern heroes, for the great deeds to be done,
When the nations cry for soldiers had echoed o'er hill and dale,
When hot youths flushed with courage, while the mothers cheek turned pale,
In the woods of Old New England, as the day sank down the west,
A loved one stood beside me, her brown head upon my breast.

2.

From the earliest hours of childhood our paths had been as one.
Her heart was in my keeping, though I know not when 'twas won;
We had learned to love each other, in a half unspoken way,

But it ripened to full completeness, when the parting came that day,
Not a tear in the eyes of azure, but a deep and fervent prayer,
That seemed to say: "God bless you and guard you everywhere."

3.

At the call for volunteers, her face was like drifted snow;
She read in my eyes a question, and her loyal heart said "Go."
As the roll of drums drew nearer, through the leaves of rustling trees,
The strains of "Annie Laurie" were born to us on the breeze.
Then I drew her pale face nearer and said: "Brave heart and true,
Your tender love and prayers shall bring me back to you."

4.

And I called her my Annie Laurie, and whispered to her that I,
For her sweet sake was willing to "lay me down and die."
And I said: "Through the days of danger that little song shall be
Like a password from the hillside, to bring your love to me."
Oh! many a time at nightfall, in the very shades of death,
When the picket lines were pacing, their rounds with bated breath,
The lips of strong men trembling and brave hearts heaved a sigh,
When someone whistling softly: "I'd lay me down and die."

5.

The tender little ballad our watchword soon became,
And in place of "Annie Laurie," each had a loved one's name.
In the very front of battle, where the bullets thickest fly,
The boys from Old New England oft times went rushing by,
And the rebel lines before us gave way where'er we went,
For the grey-coats fled in terror, from the whistling regiment.

6.

Amidst the roar of the cannon, and the shriek of the shells on high,
You could hear the brave boys whistling: "I'd lay me down and die!!!"
But alas! though truth is mighty, and right will at last prevail,
There are times when the best and bravest, by the wrong outnumbered fail,
And thus, one day in a skirmish, but a half-hour's fight at most,
A score of the whistling soldiers were caught by the rebel host.

7.

With hands tied fast behind us, we were dragged to a prison pen,
Where, hollow-eyed and starving, lay a thousand loyal men.
No roof but the vault of heaven, no bed save the beaten sod,
Shut in from the world around us, by a wall where the sentries trod,
For a time, our "Annie Laurie" brought cheer to that prison pen;
A hope to the hearts of the living; a smile to the dying men.

8.

But the spark of hope burned dimly, when each day's setting sun
Dropped the pall of night o'er a comrade, whose sands of life were run!!!
One night in a dismal corner, where the shadows darkest fell
We huddled close together to hear a soldier tell
The tales of dear New England and of loved ones waiting there,
When, hark! a soft low whistle pierced through the heavy air.

9.

And the strain was "Annie Laurie!", each caught the other's eye,
And with trembling lips we answered; "I'd lay me down and die."
From the earth, near the wall behind us, a hand came struggling through,
With a crumbled bit of paper for the captive boys in blue.
And the name! my God! 'twas Annie, my Annie, true and brave!

10.

"Not a word nor a sign, but wher'er you may be led,
Bring four of your comrades with you," was all that the writing said.
Only eight were left of the twenty, and lots were quickly thrown;
Then our trembling fingers widened the space where the hand had shown.
With a stealthy glance at the sentries, the prisoners gathered round,
And the five whom fate had chosen stole silent underground.

11.

On, on through the damp earth creeping, we followed our dusky guide,
Till under a bank o'er hanging, we came to river side.
"Straight over," a low voice whispered, "where you see yon beacon light,"
And ere we could say, "God bless you," he vanished into the night,
Through the fog and damp of the river, when the moon was hid from sight,
With a fond, old, faithful negro, brave Annie had crossed each night.

12.

And the long, dark, narrow passage had grown! till we heard close by,
The notes of the dear old password, "I'd lay me down and die."
With oar-locks muffled and silent, we pushed out into the stream,
When a hot rang out in the stillness; we could see by the musket gleam,
A single sentry firing, but the balls passed harmless by,
For the stars had hid their faces and clouds swept o'er the sky.

13.

O God! how that beacon burning bright brought joy to my heart that night,
For I knew whose hand had kindled that fire to guide our flight.
The new-born hope of freedom filled every arm with strength
And we pulled at the oars like giants, till the shore was reached at length,

We sprang from the skiff, half fainting, once more in the land of the free,
And the lips of my love were waiting to welcome and comfort me.
In my wasted arms I held her, while the weary boys close by
Breathed low, "For Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die."

AMELIA'S COURTSHIP

Before J.U. Allred went on his mission to the Southern States, June 15, 1898, after graduating from the Brigham Young Academy on May 27, 1898, he had met Amelia May Hammond. Under date of Jan. 13, 1900, while on his mission, he writes in his journal that "he wrote two letters, one to his parents, and one to Miss Hammond."

Under date of Sunday, August 19th, 1900 (after returning from his mission) he writes "Went to Provo on the 7:45 p.m. train. At 9:40 p.m. the same evening, I met at Provo depot Miss Amelia Hammond, whom I had not seen for about twenty-seven months, though I have been corresponding with her for some time. It was a happy meeting. She is the youngest daughter of Pres. F.A. Hammond of the San Juan Stake and a noble, pure-hearted young lady. Monday and Tuesday in principally in the congenial company of Amelia. Wednesday, I returned home. Went to Provo for the purpose of accompanying Amelia to my home at night. Sunday, Prof. Jos. L. Horne of the BYA at Provo came over to our home and with Miss Hammond and me went to Sunday School and Theological Department in the Central school building.

Amelia and I had a long talk, at night.

Spent the day at home. At night Amelia and I took a buggy ride over to Beck's Saratoga Springs; returned and went to the party for the benefit of the missionaries held in the City Park, after which we had a serious conversation together. Spoke of living together and each agreed to be true to each for the season of our separation while teaching school.

Tuesday - Amelia left for Provo to have her "teeth drawn and replaced" and I went with Father over the river and burned sagebrush on our dry farm. Among other things, I wrote a letter to Pres. F.A. Hammond at Moab, Utah in which I asked his consent to continue the company and correspondence of his daughter, Amelia; he having approved of our correspondence in the past.

Sept. 1 to Sept. 8, 1900 - Today was like leaving for another mission as I bid goodbye to my dear Mother, Father, sisters, brothers, sick grandfather and home for a season and started on foot for Provo on my way to Vernal to teach school. God a ride most of the way to Provo. Here I met Amelia, spent a very pleasant evening with her and roomed at the Greer Hotel. I visited the B.Y.A. (Academy) where I saw a great number of new faces but felt the same hallowed spirit which prevailed there when it was my privilege to drink at the fountain of knowledge.

At night Amelia and I had a very serious talk and left each other in tears, she to go to Santaquin, I to Vernal to teach, but with the hope that we shall meet again.

Sept. 17, 1900 - Wrote to Amelia.

Sunday, October 7th, 1900, "Today I mailed a letter to Miss Amelia Hammond which was important from the fact that it contained a pledge of plighted love and asked her to be my wife, also containing a ring to be worn as a token of plighted love."

Wednesday, October 24th - "I went to vernal where I received a letter from my sweetheart, Miss Amelia Hammond, written at Santaquin on October 14th which was an answer of mine of October 6th and 7th in which she says:

"Dearest Urban: I give to you all that a woman's heart can give. All that God has planted in her bosom; the devotions and love for him whom she is proud to call her husband.

"Dearest, I pledge to you my love, my sacred honor, and my all; it is with feelings of pride that my hand and my heart is this day intrusted to your future guardianship. Keep it sacred in the recess of your heart. In all humility and sacred honor, I accept you as my husband and protector, believing in you I have a man, with whom (if we are faithful) I can be exalted in the world to come. Amelia"

"It is needless to say that the above caused feelings of pride and thanksgiving for such a great boon. Wrote a long letter to Amelia."

The following is a copy in full of a letter received November 8, 1900 from Pres. Hammond and wife written in answer to Urban Allred's letter of October 2, 1900, both of which will be explained from the following lines:

J. Urban Allred
Vernal, Utah

Moab, Utah
Nov. 5, 1900

My dear Brother:

Your kind letter of 26 ult. was duly received and read with much interest.

You ask for the hand of our daughter, Amelia, in marriage, and as you have taken an honorable course in first seeking our consent to keep company with her; and as far as we have learned of your character and standing as a Latter-day Saint, and from the spirit and tone of your letters, we feel to give our hearty consent for you to take our daughter Amelia, to be your wife for time and all eternity; and may the Lord, our Heavenly Father, bless you with all the blessings He promised unto Abraham and Sarah of old.

May the blessings of the heavens above, and of the earth beneath be yours in abundance and a numerous posterity of noble sons and daughters to rise up and call you blessed.

May you be blessed in store and basket, in all things, both temporal and spiritual, and live in the flesh to see and behold the Savior while you are still in the flesh.

All of which, and every other blessing you may need, we ask for you both, even so, Amen.

F.A. Hammond
Martha Hammond

AMELIA'S MOTHER'S COURTSHIP

I write about the courtship of Amelia's parents because it was so very different from that of Amelia's courtship with her gallant and ever so charming Urban Allred, who adhered to all of the prescribed rules of etiquette!

Francis Asbury Hammond arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on the 6th of September, 1848. In his experience of becoming acquainted with the Saints who had pioneered their adventurous way to this far away place in the West, in the meetings and socials he had attended, he observed a young lady whose name he was not long in learning. His life had been full of adventure and inspiration, but now he was pursuing a young woman who had arrived with her Mother and sisters from Mormon settlements in the East. She had arrived in 1848 also, and immediately busied herself in teaching the young children of the settlement. This girl Francis had admired was Mary Jane Dilworth, herself only a young girl 17 years of age.

Francis found out where Mary Jane lived, obtained a white horse, and went calling on her. The little home where Mary Jane, with her sisters and Mother lived was very small - why only a cloth curtain separated the "parlor" and the other quarters where the cooking and sleeping were done. When Francis knocked on the door, he was greeted by her Mother. Sister Dilworth invited him in and called to Mary Jane and presented her to Francis.

Francis introduced himself "to his future wife" informed her that he was a recent convert to the Church, and that his most recent residence prior to his coming to the valley was San Francisco. He expressed to her his esteem for her and asked her to be his wife. This was quite a shock to Mary Jane. The proposal came to her from a man to whom she had never been personally introduced. She had already heard him bear his testimony in one of the meetings at which she was present. This was the only acquaintance that Mary Jane had with Francis.

Mary Jane, through her amazement asked Francis to allow her some time to think about this momentous decision that had been thrust upon her without even any premonition. It was true that

in those pioneer days, marriage arrangements were brought about rather expeditiously because of the urgency to establish families and assist in building Zion, but this decision was one that would take some thinking and planning.

After Francis had departed, her Mother encouraged her daughter to accept Francis's proposal, even though it had been most abrupt. Mother Dilworth could hear the conversation that had been spoken through the "flimsy" curtain wall, and had been most impressed with the advancement of this young caller. No doubt, Sister Dilworth had also heard the testimony of this persistent young man. She felt that the caller had made good use of his time, had studied books, was educated and had saved his money, and had not arrived in the community totally destitute.

Mary Jane's Mother told her daughter that she thought that this young man would return - and he did about an hour later. After Mary Jane had listened to her Mother's advice, she decided to accept Francis's proposal of marriage. Francis then told her that he had made arrangements to be married in a week and that Apostle Heber C. Kimball would perform the ceremony. So, on the 17th of November, 1848, Francis Hammond, age twenty-six, married Mary Jane Dilworth, age seventeen, to become the parents of our Amelia May!

November 19, 1900, Today my dear Grandfather, Elder Paulinus Harvey Allred passed to the great beyond at his home in Lehi, Utah. He has been ailing since July last when he lost his wife - my step-grandmother, since which time he has gradually become weaker until the end came quietly and peacefully in the midst of nearly all of his children and many grandchildren. My grandfather was one of the early pioneers in Utah. He has been a sturdy pioneer in the material development of this commonwealth as well as a faithful Latter-day Saint.

The sad news reached me of the untimely death of Pres. Francis A. Hammond of the San Juan Stake - my intended father-in-law. Pres. Hammond was killed in a runaway accident at Bloomfield, New Mexico on Nov. 27, 1900 while in full discharge of his duties as President of the San Juan Stake. He was an always has been a public man of noble example possessing an undying love for the work of God and the Saints, especially those over whom he has for years presided. He had the unfeigned love of the Saints and when it was wired over the State that "Bishop Hammond is dead" universal sorrow was everywhere felt. His life was devoted to the interests of the Kingdom of God and it is in keeping with his life and teaching that he should die as he did in the harness. A man who was almost revered by his family it was natural that the sudden news of his unexpected death was a heavy blow that came like a thunderbolt.

The family was nearly distracted with grief and especially hard was the blow, this sad blow, to his aged and devoted wife, and to his youngest daughter, Amelia - my espoused wife. I wrote Amelia and her Mother a letter in which I tried to console them in their hour of trial and sorrow.

Vernal, Utah, Dec. 23, 1900. Today was the last day before Christmas vacation. This afternoon, I left for Price to spend Christmas on my way to Moab to the home of Miss Amelia Hammond, there to spend a few days.

After a cold ride of about 250 miles I arrived here (Dec. 24th) safely at 5 o'clock, and at once presented myself at the home of my sweetheart, who had given up my coming tonight, and so had gone to the corral to milk, where I found her. She received me with open arms and has made me ever since feel welcome to her home, as indeed has her dear Mother. It has been a Christmas well

and profitably spent in the quiet and at present sad home of the late Pres. F.A. Hammond, where I was made welcome as a son by those whom I have learned to love.

Christmas Day was pleasantly but quietly spent at the home of Miss Amelia and her Mother, who on this day feel particularly sad and mourn for their Father and husband. It has been my pleasure to say comforting words to them, and to speak of the life and actions of Pres. Hammond, though deprived of seeing and hearing his voice on this occasion, which I fully anticipated.

With Amelia and Isa Hammond, I attended Sunday School where a short Christmas program was rendered, after which I was asked to speak and occupied about twenty minutes. At the afternoon meeting, I was asked to speak and occupied about one hour and a quarter. At the conjoint Mutuals at night, I spoke about one hour upon the "Evidences of the Divinity of the Book of Mormon."

December 26th - These days were spent quietly in visiting with Sister Hammond and family, also visiting Bro. John Peterson and family - a missionary companion of the Southern States - also visited with some Allreds - James and William - who do not pretend to be members of the Church; also wrote letters to Sister Martha Crutcher of Fairview, Kentucky - a widowed Saint - to whom I sent \$1.00, and Amelia send a small silk handkerchief as a present. Also, wrote letters to A.F. Lee of Snowflake, Arizona, a convert from Tennessee, and to my parents.

January 1st, 1900 - This day marks the opening of another year and also another glorious Century - the twentieth century. Blessed indeed is he who is permitted to enjoy the great privilege of living in this auspicious day of the world's history. The Lord has most graciously blessed me during the year that has just closed, and my heart is filled with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for His continued blessings in the past and for His blessings promised to me. I trust that I may always be grateful and faithful to my God for He has been gracious in blessings to me and his people. My heart's desire is to improve in usefulness more during the century upon which we have just entered than I have done in the past and to prepare my soul for the Second Advent of our Savior upon the earth which is near at hand.

With Amelia, my sweetheart, we watched the old century depart and welcomed in the new one. The twentieth century promises to be by far the most glorious in the education and elevation and progression of mankind. May it be so indeed. Welcome, new Century. Welcome!

On January 3rd, 1901 I concluded my short but very enjoyable visit at the home of Amelia and her Mother, both of whom have been very kind to me and have made me entirely welcome at their home.

It was a sad parting and a severe trial for Amelia to leave her Mother, especially as she leaves home not knowing when she shall return. Our love has been much increased by our visit together.

Amelia is willing to leave home to live with one whom she loves. We agreed that at or soon after the conclusion of our school duties for this year to get married. This was a noble sacrifice on her part. We left Moab at 5 o'clock a.m. and had a very pleasant ride on the stage to Thompson's Springs where we took train for Price, where with heavy heart I left Amelia to continue the next day my course by team to Vernal there to resume my duties in the school room; while Amelia goes to Santaquin to resume her labors there as teacher.

Until April 26, 1901, Urban continued his school duties, then closed his school with appropriate exercises in the Meeting house. Six students from his department completed the Eighth grade work and received diplomas of graduation.

After paying his tithing and his board bill and obtaining a recommend to his former ward - Lehi - he left Vernal Valley for Lehi where he arrived on April 29th.

In the latter part of May, Miss Hammond and he hiked away to Salt Lake City where they purchased a complete household outfit costing \$185.00. In his diary, he writes he made preparations to leave off singleness of life, and that hereafter his record would be that of a whole man, and not a half or a single man!

Commencing May 5, 1901, Urban writes that in his Diary he was keeping, by himself he was recording the most important events in his life, and begins his journal with his married life.

On June 5, 1901 (Wednesday) I married Miss Amelia May Hammond, daughter of Francis A. and Mary Jane Dilworth Hammond. The solemn ceremony was performed by John R. Winder in the Salt Lake Temple. There were present Aunt Martha Hammond. The solemn ceremony was performed by John R. Winder in the Salt Lake Temple. There were present Aunt Martha Hammond, Amelia's step-mother, my own Mother, Kate Jones Allred, Amelia's brother, Fletcher Hammond; Prof. Geo. H. Brimhall and daughters Jennie (Knight) and Alsina (Holbrook), Inez (Knight) Allen and others.

This was the most important day in our lives and doubtless the most happy. After the ceremony was over and we had covenanted to take each other for husband and wife for time and eternity, we retired to the home of my wife's Aunt, Mrs. Gerhardina Thomstorff, where several very beautiful presents were given us by our friends and relatives, and a most delicious repast in the nature of a wedding supper was given us.

The next day we came down home to Lehi where we were welcomed by parents and brothers and sisters and another supper was spread and our relatives invited and joined in wishing us happiness through life.

I must record here in passing that my wife was the daughter of Francis A. Hammond and Mary Jane Dilworth Hammond. Her Mother died when she was sixteen days old and her dear stepmother, Martha Jesina Hammond, has been her Mother in her rearing. Before marriage, Amelia's home was in Moab, Utah, from which place she attended the B.Y. Academy at Provo during the years 1897, 1898, 1899 and 1900. In 1900 she graduated with a teacher's diploma and taught school at Santaquin with great success. Amelia was born at Huntsville, Utah May 22, 1877, making her at the time of marriage 24 years old while I was three years her senior.

The summer of 1901 was the morn of our married life. We lived most happily in Vine Cottage and once received a pleasant though short visit from Amelia's Mother, Aunt Martha.

In July of this year I bargained for a home in Lehi and in that month moved into E. Peck, Jr. place north of the R.R. track which Amelia made very attractive and home-like and which we were very proud to call "our home."

On Sept. 9, 1901, I entered the schoolroom as teacher of the VII grade A, and B, for the year with the salary of \$60 per month. This was the most happy winter of my life.

The Christmas holidays of this year passed off quietly and pleasantly, with the usual amount of amusement and merriment being indulged in. During the holidays my wife and I each received a Patriarchal Blessing from Stake Patriarch Moyle of Alpine of which we were very proud and which are copied in my journal.

Events of the year 1902 - (Baby born) The greatest event of this year happened on Sunday, April 27, 1902 at 10 minutes to 10 a.m. when our first born came into the world. The baby was a beautiful, long, black-haired girl. She was a perfect child in form and was and is like a ray of sunlight in our home. My Mother and family nearly went wild over the baby as this was the first grandchild. The Mother and child got along well and in a very short time were out in the front room.

At the regular Fast day meeting held on Sunday, June 1, 1902, our baby girl was given the name of Martha Jesina and blessed by her Father assisted by Counsellors Andrew R. Anderson and Wm. Clark and Pres. A.J. Evans. This name is the name of Aunt Martha Hammond. Late in the month of June, Amelia and baby made a trip to Amelia's home at Moab. They spent 9 weeks in a pleasant visit with her Mother.

While they were on this visit, I made a trip to Alberta, Canada, where Father, Clarence, and Rodney had gone early in March and where we have some interests. Found Father and the boys

well with good prospects for about 3,000 bushels of grain. After about a month's visit I left for home August 17th well pleased with what I had seen of this young and coming country.



Urban and Amelia Wedding
June 5, 1901

FAMILY LIFE IN CANADA

At Christmas time, we made ourselves happy by having all of Father's family at our home for a social gathering and a Christmas dinner. Amelia sent a nice Christmas bundle to her Mother and folks at home. She enjoyed most her present of the baby's picture in a small frame to be worn as a breast pin.

I must not forget to record that in the fall - November - I sold my home in Lehi to Morgan Woodhouse, Jr. with the intention of moving to Canada, but decided later to remain in Lehi until after school closed in May, 1903. We lived during the winter in two rooms in Bro. Wm. Gurney's home where we moved Nov. 15, 1902.

Urban taught school again in Lehi beginning Oct. 1902. That winter, his youngest brother, Elijah Hugh, died of diphtheria at the age of 10.

Because Urban had been interested and impressed with the move which his Father had made in moving to Canada, he felt it wise to move his little family to Raymond, Alberta, Canada in 1903. It was a difficult time in moving to an area where they were virtually pioneers, and tents were used for their first homes in learning the ways of handling the tasks of large acreage requirements. (At this point in the life of Amelia, she no doubt remembered the days of her Father and his large family as they left the comforts of a Huntsville home and in answer to a call from the brethren of the Church, moved to San Juan County in Utah.)

A second baby arrived at their home when Paul Hammond was born July 10, 1904, and died Sept. 19, 1905, after a sickness of 15 days during which time he bore with the uttermost patience and endurance. During this time, all human wisdom and care were done, but their darling son, Paul Hammond, passed quietly and peacefully to the great Beyond.

Paul Hammond was a most lovable and noble child. He was one of God's choicest and purest, intelligent and faithful spirits who was permitted to tabernacle a short time in mortality where he

entwined his loving nature about the very heart strings of his parents and loved ones as well as win the love and admiration of all who knew him.

He had been called into a higher and greater field of activity where he was prepared to enjoy the association of the noblest men and women who ever lived upon the earth, and will come forth in the morning of the First Resurrection with the Redeemed of God's children.

Paul Hammond possessed a perfect and large and well developed body, and a most noble countenance with a large kind eye. His large, well-shaped head was covered with a heavy growth of most beautiful brown hair. Sr. Nellie Taylor, (wife of Apostle J. W. Taylor) who had been at his bedside faithfully through his sickness, said that she had been many times impressed with the nobleness of character of this child and was sure there was a great mission for him in heaven.

Amelia was a woman of rare talents and intelligence. As we read her written acceptance of a proposal of marriage to Urban, she wrote back a letter (according to her daughter, Kate) that is "a classic in love and depth of feeling that would compare favorably to 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' by Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

In moving to Canada, Amelia had shown great courage and support to her husband. She had successfully taught school for two years, and now was able to begin another career marked by indomitable energy. She first became associated in an official capacity with the Taylor Stake Sunday School Board, from which she was called to the Ward Superintendency of the Y.W.M.I.A., later being selected as Stake President of that organization, in which capacity she labored as a refined, educated woman of excellent capacity.

Amelia Hammond Allred was a lovable wife and companion, the sustaining power back of the family accomplishments; a woman of rare leadership who could make an attractive home of a house on the 'lone prairie.' She was long a beloved leader of the youth of Taylor Stake; as a teacher, Stake Board Member, and Stake President of the Y.W.M.I.A.

Urban and Amelia acquired a white frame (wooden) home just south of the canal. This house Amelia converted into a lovely home where their next four children were born, Paul Hammond, Urban Dilworth, David Hammond, and Kate.

The Taylor stake of which Amelia became President of the Y.W.M.I.A. embraced a very large area in southern Canada, including Taber on the east and the Belly River on the west. Her husband, Urban, provided Amelia May with a fine new buggy and a faithful pinto mare for her and her counselors to perform their activities, so that the pinto mare and buggy became a Y.W.M.I.A. symbol throughout the Stake. Sister Allred and her counselors traveled far and wide in the interest of the young people in all kinds of weather.

AMELIA'S OLDEST DAUGHTER RECALLS FAMILY HAPPENINGS IN CANADA

I think my earliest recollection is that of a little girl being helped onto a chair to recite before her Father's school. I do not recall the ages of my listeners, but I remember they seemed adult, and I had a very special feeling for them because they were my Father's students. They gathered for instruction in the back room of the Ward Meeting House in the pioneer settlement of Raymond in Southern Alberta, Canada. Father had been a member of the first graduating class of the BYU in 1898. He married a popular student, Amelia May Hammond, the youngest daughter of Francis A. Hammond, President of the San Juan Stake. They made their first home in Lehi, Utah, where Father taught school.

In 1900, expansion and colonization were still a major part of the church program. The virgin grass lands of Southern Alberta looked most promising for a Mormon community. Many prominent families were "called" to spearhead this development. The Knight brothers brought great herds of cattle to fatten on the grass which was reportedly twelve inches high. Father's call was to teach school and he moved to Canada in 1903 while I was a little more than one year old. My Grandfather and three sons came later. Grandfather believed that life could have no dignity or security without property ownership, so he was relieved when Father was released from his school-teacher call and free to join him in a family owned rancher-farmer project.

Another vivid recollection is that of a little girl, holding up a barbed wire fence while her Mother and another woman wriggled underneath it. The air was charged with a feeling of suppressed emotion, and the two women fairly ran as they talked in subdued, tense voices. The help they sought they found (I am not sure whether it was an experienced friend or a holder of the Priesthood), but my beautiful and healthy brother, 18 months old, died of spinal meningitis. Paul was buried on a wind-swept hill and the next picture in my mind is that of a little girl, listening to the creaking of the boards under her rocking chair as the wind howled down the chimney and the family of three sat around the silver trimmed stove. Hour after hour, neither Mother or Father moved. They sat with bowed heads or gazed fixedly out of the window where the wind was bending the newly planted saplings or lifting the earth in great pillars of dust like a giant amusing

himself at games. The ominous silence was broken only by the persistent howling of the wind and the incessant creaking of the floor under the small rocking chair.

In less than five years after this sobering experience, my Uncle John Gurnett Allred stood watching me build igloos in the dry sand bed of an irrigation canal near our home. Finally, in a shaken voice, he said, "Sina, come with me. Your Mother is dead!"

My Mother had been a tower of strength in Alberta Colonization Project. A woman of profound faith and personal magnetism, she had inspired both old and young with her lofty ideals. For many years she was Stake President of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. A gifted speaker and an indefatigable worker, she made an outstanding leader. For many years after her death, young women who had come under her influence, testified to the effect she had had in their lives. So firmly did she establish herself in the hearts of her associates that they spoke of her with emotion long after I had grown to maturity. As a homemaker, wife and Mother, she was equally successful. Her friends were often those with greater financial resources than were hers, but her modest home was furnished in the best taste (including a piano which she played with considerable accomplishment), and when the long table was set in the parlor with wedding gift linens and silver, she presided as a most capable hostess to the distinguished guests who were among her personal and official friends. In addition to her public life, she managed a well ordered home and was a frequent prize winner in the cooking and handwork departments at the local fairs.

When Septicemia followed the birth of her fifth child, prayer circles were held throughout the Stake. The town of Raymond bowed almost as one person to petition for her recovery. My Father was a man of unwavering faith. He never left her side and when the end seemed near, he would lay his hands on her head and administer to her. She would then rally; this happened repeatedly. Then there finally came a time when he laid his hands on her head and dedicated her to the Lord -- "Thy will, not mine be done." She smiled and immediately slipped out of his life.

Father placed another grave on the wind swept hill, gathered up his four children and his Mother who had come from Lehi to deliver the baby, and returned to the family home. I shall never

forget the night we arrived. Father's fourteen year old sister, Odessa, had been the housekeeper in Grandmother's absence. Now she had a warm, happy welcome ready for us. She was quite unprepared for the paralyzing sorrow too new to be concealed in the adult home-comers.

Grandfather had taken refuge into the yard. I recall the light from the kitchen door showed him pacing the yard, back and forth beside the flowing well, half concealed among the fruit trees. He had steeled himself so that when his son finally sought him out he was able to speak in a gruff voice about cabbages and kings while Father could express himself only in silent tears.

Thus began a new life for all of us. Father returned to Canada. Odessa stayed out of school to do the extra work imposed by this unexpected turn of events. Grandmother devoted herself to the small baby, her namesake, Kate. Everyone was kind to the point of indulgence. Although I was eight years old, I assumed little responsibility. The days seemed to drift idly by as the neighborhood "gang" climbed trees, waded the creek, drove the cows to the pasture or played hide and seek after sundown. School frightened me - new teachers, new conditions, new classmates! Father visited us twice a year, at conference time. It was during one of these visits that again an Uncle called me from play and said: "Sina, come in and meet your new Mother." I do not recall that the announcement of my own Mother's death produced any particular reaction. It took many years for me to realize the extent of my loss. Neither death nor the role of a Mother had meaning for me then. But following my Mother's death, I was aware of an increased tenderness shown by my Father. Intuitively, I felt that a new Mother would jeopardize my place in my Father's affections. I rebelled. Subsequent events lent themselves to a justification of this fear. Preoccupied with many pressing problems, Father paid little attention to me, assuming all was well. I felt robbed. It took many years for me to realize that this "new Mother" was a gentle, quiet woman who was completely dedicated to the role of helpmate to her husband - and this included her children.

The return to Canada marked a difficult period for our family. Years of droughts had sent many of the more enterprising families back to Utah. The sugar factory had closed down. Herds of cattle had frozen to death standing on their feet. From horizon to horizon, lush, green grain was often reduced to fodder by the blistering sun. Early frosts outwitted the farmer. Trees were yet

too young to break the herculean winds that carried the surface soil from one farm to another, often when it had been freshly planted. Huge hailstones would churn a field of tender thick grain to pulp. Amid all these difficulties, my father stood firm. He believed hard work would compensate. Retreat was for lesser men. When he left Canada after thirty years, he had considerable property of value. This had been acquired at the sacrifice of leisure in which to cultivate his mind. He was, however, well informed on church doctrine and spent much time teaching in church organizations.

As a small child, I cherished the occasions on which we were taken to the farm. The children rode in the back of the buggy. On the sundrenched hills we gathered wild flowers, or berries, or climbed the hills for the joy of running down them. At going-home time, there was the deep content of snuggling together under a blanket as we watched flaming sunset fade while the heron and gull on the reservoirs called their greetings to each other. An eerie note was often added by the frightening call of a lone coyote as he surveyed the valley from the crest of a nearby hill. As we grew older, we were permitted to go with Father as he worked the rich, dark soil. My two younger brothers would ride the horses he was driving while I stood on some part of the machinery within range of his steadying arm. I can still smell the pungent earth as it turned in black furrows behind the plow or formed regular patterns beneath the drill or harrow. Sometimes we had to turn quickly to miss a scurrying rabbit or a bright eyes gopher scampering to safety. As the boys grew older, they learned to drive the machines alone. I was expected to help only in cases of emergency. In the process of learning I remember several near accidents, one of which I will illustrate:

One hot, summer day, my Father called me from my job of tramping down the sweet alfalfa hay as it was tossed on the rack and explained that a storm was coming up and because he was short-handed he wanted me to drive one of the hayracks into town. From the top of a load of hay I followed a hayrack in front of me while Father's hayrack followed close behind me. I thought I did all right and even felt quite pleased with myself, but that night at dinner, Father said: "We were lucky to have Sina with us tonight. I followed her tracks into town today and her back wheel missed the bridge over the canal by almost six inches." Everyone laughed and took this as

proof that a girl cannot drive a team of horses from the top of a load of hay. I did not laugh. I had been willing and had done my best. Perhaps this type of experience contributed to my growing dissatisfaction with farm life - not so much for the activities themselves (I loved the out-of-doors) as for the economic uncertainty which they represented.

I recall that I once refused an assignment. Father had been temporarily inactive with rheumatism. He asked me to ride a trusted pinto to the farm and take the livestock to water. When Father led the horse out of the barn, I noticed she had no saddle. I protested. Father explained that all of the saddles were at the farm, but that was no problem because the pinto was gentle and therefore easy to ride bareback. I explained that for me, no horse was easy to ride bareback because every bounce brought me down on a hard bone. So Father strapped a pillow onto the pinto's back and then lifted me onto the pillow.

However, as soon as the pinto eased into a gentle gallop, she pitched me off my high pillow onto the grass. I indignantly refused to be hoisted back in place. I do not know how the cattle got watered!

(Written by Jesina Allred Monson)



Amelia with 2 unnamed friends



YLMIA Board - Taylor Stake
(Alberta) 1906

1. Amelia Allred, President
2. Virginia, Second Counselor
3. Mrs. Gordon, First Counselor
4. Mrs. John Gordon

5. Mary Duke
6. Mabel Powelson
7. Lottie Knight
8. Guinivere Brimhall



Taylor Stake YLMIA Board
and Visitors
Amelia on end of first row right

Raymond, Alberta, Canada

April 2, 1905

A blessing given under the hands of James Kirkham, Patriarch, upon the head of Amelia Hammond Allred, the daughter of Francis Asbury and Mary Jane Dilworth Hammond, born May 22, 1877 at Huntsville, Weber Co, Utah, U.S.A.

Sister Amelia, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and in the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I place my hands upon your head, as a patriarch, and give unto you a blessing pertaining to that office and calling. And I say unto thee because of thy faithfulness and self-sacrificing the Lord owns thee and will bless thee as one of His chosen daughters. And He will grant unto thee a testimony of His power that shall be beyond the comprehension of man.

Thou art of the House of Jacob and when Ephraim shall gather together his seed and posterity thou shall be numbered among the chosen ones.

And when the morning stars sang together and it was pronounced that the foundations of this earth were laid, thy spirit was there, and participated with that glorious throng. And because of thy goodness and desire while yet in the Heavens the Lord permitted thy spirit to come and dwell upon this, His footstool, that thou might bring forth many noble and chosen spirits to the honor and glorifying of the name of the Father. Thy sons shall be numbered among those of the House of David, and thy daughters shall be known among the royal princesses of Israel. And when thy days are numbered as the rings of a tree thy posterity shall rise up and bless thee and thou shall be honored in the midst of the chosen ones of the Lord.

If thou are faithful to all the covenants which thou hast made before the Lord, and keep holy and pure the garments which thou dost bear - even that of the Holy Priesthood - the Lord will bless thee with great wisdom and thou shall become a wise counselor, for thou shall stand up in the midst of the congregations of Israel and words shall flow from thy lips like waters from a pure spring, and the Holy Ghost shall rest down upon thee like unto a consuming fire and many shall rejoice in thy words.

Thou shall prepare thy tabernacle that it may become an abiding place wherein the Spirit of the Lord may be pleased to dwell. And thou shall make thy habitation even as an abiding place wherein angels shall visit, although in disguise shall dine at thy board.

The Lord will bless thee with the bounties of the earth, for thou shall assist in feeding the poor and clothing the naked, and thou shall visit the sick and become as a ministering angel unto them, and through thy faith and prayers thou shall see them healed. And when the powers of darkness shall endeavor to thwart thee in all thy good designs the Lord will give thee strength and power to rebuke him; and He will comfort thee in all thy trials.

There shall spring forth from thy loins one likened unto David of old, and thou shall take great joy and comfort in that great blessing which the Lord will bestow upon thee.

When thy Redeemer shall appear in a chariot of fire the earth shall reel and tremble and men's hearts shall fail them, thou shall be lifted up and welcomed into His presence and thou shall rejoice with the hosts of heaven.

I seal thee up to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection crowned with immortality and eternal life, to be adorned as a queen in connection with thy companion in life and set at the head of a great kingdom to live throughout all the millenium, and with thy father's household to rejoice forever and ever. Amen.

(A letter from Amelia May Hammond Allred to her Brother Samuel S. Hammond)

Raymond, Alberta, Canada
December 20, 1908

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Hammond
Blackfoot, Idaho

Dear Brother and Sister:

Xmas Gift! Xmas Gift! I caught you napping that time. Who is it? No, no, not Santa Claus. Guess again. Yes, Amelia, though from the frozen north, it is not Santa Claus this time.

I thought I'd drop in a few moments this morning to extend the Compliments of the Season, and leave a kiss. I've just dropped in the same way to all my brothers and sisters, so that they can't help but remember their absent Canadian this year. So on my way back I've called on you'n's.

This is the time of year we love most, when heart opens to heart and all that is lovable and good bursts forth. A time of happiness and good cheer. We all join in sending you Xmas Greetings and wishing you a prosperous and Happy New Year. May success, contentment and happiness be your lot and all your cares, sorrows and troubles be "Little Ones."

May the family ties knit closer and closer as the years roll by, and though time and distance separate us, never may the golden cord of brother and sisterhood be severed. What a comfort if we could all spend holidays together again, and talk over the changes Father Time has made since last we met. We are comparative strangers, but though Amelia is a Canadian and so far away, yet her sisterly heart beats gently for loved ones at home.

I know that Father would be pleased to know that I've written you all a loving remembrance of family duties, that time may not let us lapse into silence. May success attend your labors, and health, wealth and happiness abound in your household forever. God bless you all. Xmas Christmas Greetings from Urban and Amelia, Sina, Dilworth and David.

P,S. The pictures are the best we could get here, but are not all satisfactory. We paid \$6.25 per dozen thinking they would make nice Xmas presents to send you. They were taken two months ago, and the photographer has gone. Baby Paul's picture is in the background. We thought we would like to let you see all four of our children.

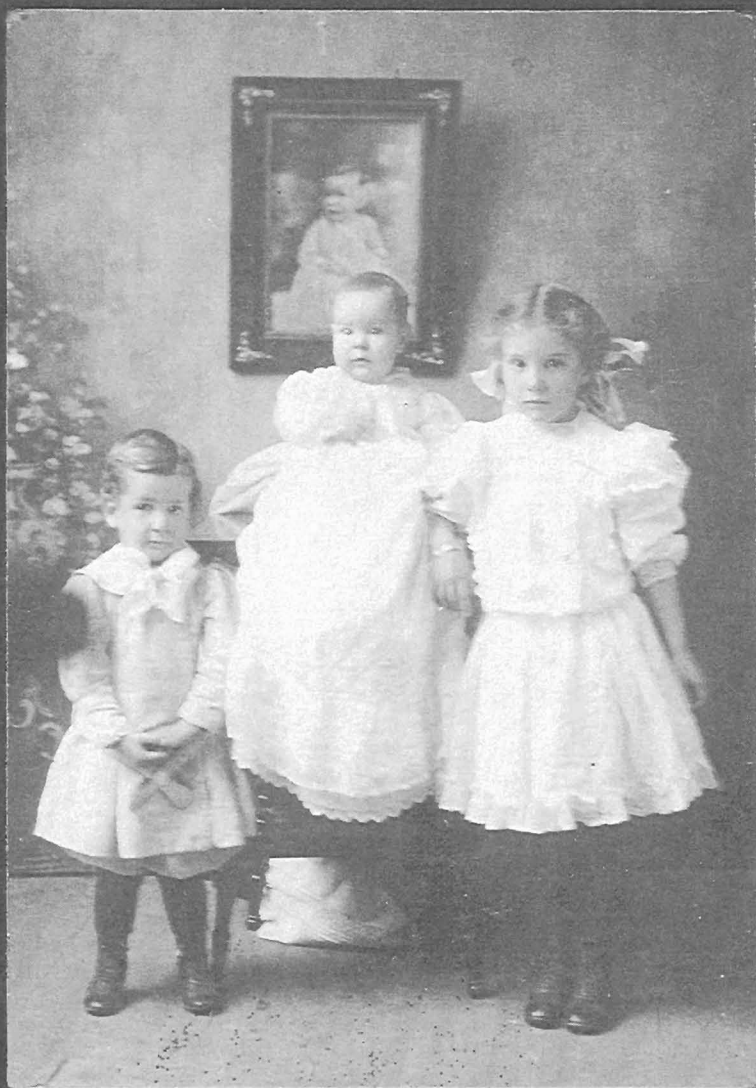
Compliments

Please accept them with our

of the Season

Urban and Amelia

(The very same picture to which Amelia refers is on the reverse side of this letter.) On the back is inscribed or written the words: "To Aunt Mary and Uncle Phil, with Xmas Greetings."



Dilworth, Baby David, and
Jesina Allred (With Paul's photo
on the wall)

Father, J. Urban Allred has written:

“President Francis Asbury Hammond, born November 1, 1822, in Patchogue, Suffolk County, New York, was President of the San Juan Stake, and a wonderful man and fine leader! He married Mary Jane Dilworth, the first school teacher in the State of Utah. The opening date of Utah’s great school system was about October 24, 1847. The teacher was 16 years and three months old. Their first children had no thought that this sixteen year old girl, Mary Jane Dilworth, standing at the flap entrance to her tent schoolroom, would go down in history as Utah’s first school teacher, nor that when they entered that tent, they had seen the forerunner of a great state school system of Universities and Colleges to follow!

“Amelia, my wife, was their youngest child, and was called by Brother Hammond the ‘apple of my eye.’ Amelia was a wonderful girl; had a wonderful background, and was a devoted, talented, wife and Mother with a wonderfully fine alto voice, and a leader and speaker, as she was also a most successful teacher.

“She was President of the Stake Mutual for years in Canada where she had a wonderful influence in molding young lives. Her mortal days, like that of her illustrious Mother, were few in number, but full of mighty accomplishments, which will ever live on and on to her memory.

“To her children: If you ever have an opportunity to come into the presence of President David O. McKay, tell him who you are and note his greetings because of the association with Amelia and her family!”

*(Talk given by Amelia when serving
in Mutual in Canada)*

WOMAN, HER MISSION, HER DESTINY

Amelia H. Allred

- I. Woman
- II. Her love.
- III. Her Influence.
- IV. Her Mission and Destiny

- I. Woman

“And the Lord God said, it is not good for man to be alone, I will make him a helpmeet for him.”
- Gen. II, 18

Paul says, “Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man in the Lord. That man is the head of woman, and the glory of man is woman.” The hand that rocks the cradle....

Woman is the foundation of the race. A great writer has said, “If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a state, we must ask what rank women held in it. The failure to honor true womanhood has been the downfall of every nation, and where she has been recognized in her true position, just so far has civilization advanced.

The Jewish people are an example. They have retained their identity and their high moral character as a result of their careful home training, and the true position accorded womanhood in the Jewish home.

- II. Woman's Love.

No emotion in the human breast is more powerful than that of love. Love is the law of heaven and earth. There is no emotion more productive of happiness, it makes life a blessing or makes life a curse when not rightly directed. Truly has Dr. Drummond said, “Love is the greatest thing in the world.”

What love is there greater in this world than a mother's love. She who would lay her life down for her child. Her love watching over the sick bed, whose eyes close the last at night, whose tender love and soothing touch like unto the mother's, whose words of counsel and persuasion can lead the erring feet back, but mother's.

If there is one thing pure, where all beside is sullied, that can endure when all else passes away, if there be ought surpassing human words or deeds or thoughts, it is a mother's love.

III. Woman's Influence

It is said, "All great men have great mothers." This fact is due to the wonderful influence a mother wields over her children, the greater the love the greater the influence.

Lincoln paid a beautiful tribute to his mother in saying, "All that I am, and all that I hope to become in this life, I owe to my sainted mother."

Napoleon declared that to his mother he owed his elevation.

Considering this God-given power possessed by woman, how careful we should be in wielding that influence for the betterment of our fellowmen. We as women and girls are responsible for every ray of light we shed for every shadow we cast, and for every influence we wield toward young men and women. Girls, if you could but for one moment realize the power and influence you wield over young men, that you can either raise or lower their standard of virtue, can heighten their ideals, increase their true religious sentiments, you would live up better to your full privileges in life. Rome and Greece in their greatness was such because of the influence and teachings of their mothers upon their soldiers.

"Oh mother's influence, O wondrous power, how little understood.
Entrusted to a mother's mind alone, to fashion genius, form the soul for good,
Inspire a West, or train a Washington."

"The mother in her office holds the key of the soul, and she it is who stamps the coin of character."

(a) Woman as Helpmeet

Woman as a companion, a partner, a wife. Her influence in the home, the sacrifice of self to promote her husband's and children's happiness.

Few wives little understand the influence they can exert over their husbands in religious duties, or what an incentive these spiritual duties are to a man. If he be not religiously inclined, it needs but a word of approval from his wife to cause him to neglect many duties for her sake. She must be careful, therefore, to use her influence on the side of right, even though it may sometimes mean a sacrifice to her.

One case in mind may serve as an illustration....

If a woman shall fill the measure of her creation in its truest, broadest sense, she will strive to make herself all that is implied in the word "helpmeet." As a wife let her be true to her higher, nobler self and to him, her husband.

"His house she enters, there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night.
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.
Winning him back when mingling with the throng
Of a vain world we love alas, too long.
Winning him back to fireside happiness and hours of ease.
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes met his! her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined,
Still subject, ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.

IV. Her Mission and Destiny

Woman's paramount mission in the world is motherhood. The greatest word in the English language is "mother."

The wifely demeanor of the ancient Greek mother Penelope, her motherly influence, her unswerving faith, her ardent love, and her untiring industry commends her to our day as a model wife and mother.

Cornelia manifested her true womanhood in her reply to the rich Roman lady who visited her and showed her costly jewels she had just purchased. Cornelia waited until her sons returned from school, and then pointing to them made this beautiful reply, "These are my jewels."

Mary, the mother of Jesus, her purity, her humility, her mother-nature commended her to God. She was not a fashion plate or a butterfly, but a simple, modest, retiring virgin.

O Woman, how glorious! how God-given thy love, thine influence, thy mission and thy destiny!

The views that we as Latter-day Saints hold on the subject of woman, her mission and her destiny, is beautifully explained by the late Pres. John Taylor in reply to a few questions asked by a prominent lady in the Church, which read: "Knowing this as we do, that the great mission given by our Heavenly Father to woman is to bear the earthly tabernacles of men, and her future destiny, if faithful, to bear the souls of men and people other worlds, how dare she then thwart the designs of our Maker by misapplying the God-given powers and privileges of man and woman."

Commend the Timely Topic of Aunt Susan:

“Now-adays too many of our newly married girls say, ‘Wait a year or two, or five, before assuming the responsibilities of motherhood. We want to have a little pleasure before settling down in life. Then, too, that the constant demands of social life upon women, the demands of husband, and the numerous public duties and offices held by nearly all the bright young women in the Church, and last, what about the delicate health of some of our girls, there are some of the objections raised to natural motherhood.”

“That flat declaration on the question of Race-Suicide made by Cardinal Gibbons, head of the Catholic Church in America has aroused the greatest interest throughout the country, and his position is the subject of more wide discussion than any question recently before the American people. He says, “The person who instructs a wife how to avoid the duties of motherhood is committing as deadly a sin as if she became the accomplice of a murderess. It is even a more cowardly crime and cannot be too severely condemned.”

Gov. Cutler, Apostle John Henry Smith and all the clergymen and pastors of every denomination were interviewed by the Desert News on the subject. All paid high tribute to woman and her virtues, and agreed entirely with the attitude taken by Cardinal Gibbons, and said that this criminal practice is a menace to the human race, but that the full duty of every man was fatherhood and that of woman was motherhood. Neither should shirk the divine law to multiply and “replenish the earth.”

Girls, think what depends upon you as future mothers in Israel. Beware lest you fail in the great mission in life. Think seriously upon the subject of being yoked in the sacred bonds of wedlock and the advantages which will accrue from being equally yoked with one of God’s noble men, one who holds the priesthood, and through faithfulness will gain eternal exaltation in the presence of God.

A note attached to the foregoing talk, or at least on the same kind of paper and perhaps later attached, reads as follows:

Dear Urban

Should you come and find me away I will be at Sister Budd’s. The officers of the M.I.A. meet there tonight to form resolutions of respect to Bro. Finch on the death of his daughter, Ruby. Call me up as soon as you come, so I’ll know you are home and the children are not alone.

Lovingly, Amelia

AMELIA H. ALLRED'S STAKE Y.W.M.I.A. NOTEBOOKS

Statistics - 1909

Word of Wisdom

Officers that Keep It:

| | |
|----------|------|
| Magrath | 100% |
| Raymond | 100% |
| Stirling | 90% |
| Taber | 80% |

Girls Who Keep It:

| | |
|----------|-----|
| Magrath | 98% |
| Raymond | 98% |
| Stirling | 80% |
| Taber | 60% |

Tithing

Officer Who Pay:

| | |
|----------|------|
| Magrath | 100% |
| Raymond | |
| Stirling | 100% |
| Taber | 70% |

Girls Who Pay:

| | |
|----------|-----|
| Magrath | 98% |
| Raymond | |
| Stirling | 70% |
| Taber | 60% |

Conference Notes

We are glad then that some of us were born among the mountains.

Honor God's presence in our Testimony Meetings.

Vital question in life is marriage. Most vital questions of our existence is:
birth, marriage, death.

Preparation for Prophets and Apostles to be born of us.

Read the 34th chapter of Alma on Prayer.

Conference Program

- | | | |
|----|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. | Reports | Jos. Nielson |
| 2. | Reports | Amelia H. Allred |
| 3. | Solo | Riley Clark |
| 4. | Lecture | Magrath |
| 5. | Mixed Quartet | Magrath |
| 6. | Lecture | Mary Duke |
| 7. | Trio | Rouse and company |
| 8. | Recitation | Fannie Gordon |
| 9. | Solo | Mattie Clark |

June Conference 1909

- Saturday - 10 a.m.
- 61 Stakes represented -- Added 5 new Stakes the past year.
- Opening Address by Sister Taylor: to feel in our hearts prepared for our work.
- To feel after the lost sheep, not alone the 99. It means the Spirit of God to direct you.
- Testimony Meetings - Sister Tingey
- We have a right to the Spirit of God if we live for it. To know God and Jesus Christ is Life Eternal, and we must gain this for ourselves. Our girls to gain this through prayer. Let the Gospel be their standard of living.
- Not expected that the Testimony Meeting being carried on as our regular Fast meetings.
- Don't allow your Officers and girls to think there is not need for preparation for Testimony Meeting; that they come there that evening prepared for telling some faith-promotion lesson. Every officer having a burning testimony of the Gospel
- Opening testimony to be full of new thoughts or principles and to add a few words to their testimony each week. Sister Taylor as an example. This inward light. Teach the Mutual girls religion to withstand the attack of the adversary.
- Main purpose is to put best efforts on the Theology lessons:
 - I. Foretelling the Apostacy - Scriptural
 - II. Our mode of interpreting the Scriptural
- Encourage further references than Journal. A weakness is in getting incompetent, disinterested teacher, not the subject matter. Select those who are able to handle these subjects. Put greater consideration on getting a teacher who has either natural adaptability or training. We must expect their best efforts. Don't discourage. We have a right to expect it.

The Home
Sister Grant
Seniors

The Ideal Home

- a. Situation - locality
- b. Home decoration
 - The house is not the home. Not fads but artistic. Cleanliness first.
 - Dirt is a sin.
- c. Household management
 - Good cooking. Less work.
 - The religious element of the home. Young wife to lead out in suggestion for family devotion.
 - Whole people improving in music, in cooking and household affairs.

The Home -- Sister Eardley -- Juniors

many times in each instant of which the Lord acknowledged our faith and authority. Much faith was exercised for her recovery by the people of the Raymond Ward and thru the Taylor Stake.

The Y.L.M.I.A., of whom she has been Stake President, were very much concerned and in connection with the Primary Association held several special prayer meetings in her behalf. A beautiful peaceful spirit prevailed at these gatherings and also prevailed the room and home from the hour of her sickness until and during the funeral services. Her condition grew worse, complications of infection of the lungs and finally of the liver set in, which finally claimed her body in death.

She was full of hope and conscious to the last. On Friday, Oct. 7, she grew very low. She was administered to and greatly renewed and restored.

All day Saturday, October 8, 1910, her eyes had been closed and her condition low. At about 6:30 p.m. I was brought to that humbled and trying condition where I could place my hands upon the head of my wife and dedicate her to the Lord, Our Heavenly Father. When I took my hands off her head her eyes opened and looked into mine for full half a minute and with the sweetest smile on her face and look in her eyes she uttered a last "Goodbye." Then her eyes closed and her noble sweet spirit was gone to its Maker in about three minutes.

In the room were many of our friends, including Bishop John F. Anderson and wife also my own dear mother who has been faithfully at her bedside from the beginning, also my brother J.G. Allred and many others.

It was a scene which I hope never to permit to grow dim in my memory until I again meet our faithful wife and mother in the realms of Glory where death no more separates.

The smile so beautiful remained upon her face and her body looked as beautiful as in life and was beautifully prepared to consign to Mother Earth.

The funeral services were held in the Raymond Meeting House on Monday, October 10, 1910, at 2 p.m. Many people viewed the body at the home previous to this hour.

At 2 p.m. the services were opened by the Raymond Ward Choir, of which Amelia had once been a member, singing: "Softly Beams The Sacred Dawning."

Prayer was offered by Bro. John Gibb of Magrath. The choir beautifully rendered "Sister Thou Art Milk and Lovely."

Bishop John F. Anderson was the first speaker. Among the beautiful tributes paid her was that he was sure that she was one of the choice spirits that had been held in reserve to help roll on the mighty work of the Lord and that she had filled that mission well. He spoke of her many noble qualities as a wife and mother and worker in the Church, and asked God's comforting spirit to bless the sorrowing husband and children.

Brother Mark H. Brimhall who was associated with her in M.I.A. work testified to her integrity and her untiring labors in the uplifting of the girls in this Stake of Zion. Said to work with her was to love her.

A beautiful trio "Star of the East" was feelingly rendered by Sisters Allen and King and Walter Berryessia.

Brother James E. Ellison was the next speaker, and he bore testimony of her great kindness of heart as he had found her thru close association with her husband and her in Sunday School work.

A quartet - "Some Sweet Day Bye and Bye" - was then sung by members of the choir.

President Wm. A. Redd and Bro. Orson A. Woolley of Magrath each spoke of the sterling qualities of her parents, and how she had followed in their footsteps. Bro. Redd said she proved herself in the Stake as a natural leader and organizer.

"O My Father" was sung by Sister Duke.

Elder B.S. Young spoke of the blessings that come only to those who sacrifice the presence of our dear ones, that even in this great trial there is a blessing. Spoke of Amelia's faithfulness to duty and of the glorious reunion that awaited her and all thru faithfulness.

Councilor J.W. Evans was the last speaker. He was at her bedside at the last moments and spoke of her great faith and that of her friends for her. He told of the pathetic scene when her husband laid his hands upon her head and dedicated her to the Lord saying that if it were His will that he would let her go; and of the smile that lightened her countenance following that prayer and of the manifestations of the Lord in immediately releasing her spirit.

The house was beautifully decorated and draped. The floral contributions were many and beautiful including most handsome tributes of love from the Y.L. and Y.M.M.I.A. of the Stake and Ward, the Stake Sunday Schools and many friends from far and near all over the stake. The house was filled with sympathizing friends and neighbors. The services were beautiful and truly consoling because of the peaceful spirit which was there present in rich abundance and largely dispelled sorrow and gloom in the presence of the Gospel principles and spirit which was manifest; and in the knowlege that our departed wife and mother had obeyed and faithfully kept the principles and ordinances ordained for our eternal salvation.

There were present of our family my own little children, all except Kate age 18 days, by my side. My own Mother, my brothers J.G. and C.E. Allred and wives, Aunt Orissa Smith and some of her family. It is with much regret that I record that Grandma Hammond, Amelia's mother in life, nor any of Amelia's brother or sisters could not be at the services because of not being able to get there in time so great is the distance. They were notified by wire on the night she passed away.

The Pall Bearers were: Mark H. Brimhall, Joseph Nielson, S.F. Kimball, Spencer Young, Jas. E. Ellison and John Piepgrass - officers of the Y.M.M.I.A. and Sunday school Stake Boards.

The funeral was the largest yet seen in Raymond. Thirty-eight carriages followed the remains to the cemetery where Bishop John F. Anderson dedicated the grave and the casket containing the earthly remains of my dear wife was placed in mother earth, there to await the morning of the first resurrection; resting by the side of our own baby Paul.

It can truly be said that Amelia was a noble daughter, a devoted mother and wife and a friend to all who knew her. Her friends were legion who have been upon every hand to render helpfulness and comfort during her last days on earth and who mourn with us. Her example and teachings will live forever and the work which she commenced will be continued in the life beyond.

May we who remain live while in the flesh to honor her that where she is we may come when life's labors are completed; may we not shrink from doing that double mission which her taking has imposed upon both husband and children bereft of a noble wife and Mother.

It was Amelia's wish that her remains be not left in Canada, accordingly her body was removed and on December 23, 1911, placed again in Mother Earth in the Allred family lot in the Lehi Cemetery. There were present upon this said occasion all our children except baby Kate, my Father and Mother, brother Rodney and wife, Sister Minerva A. Wade and husband and children, Brother Aaron and myself. The grave was dedicated by my father. This sacred spot can now be visited by our children and friends who reside in Utah, which will help to keep fresh in our memory the noble life and labors of one of God's noble women.

(Taken from the Life of J. Urban Allred written for the Lehi Centennial, 1950)

Amelia H. Allred was a lovable wife and companion, the sustaining power back of the family accomplishments; a woman of rare leadership who could make an attractive home of a house on the lone prairie. She was long a beloved leader of the youth of the YWMA of Taylor Stake in Alberta, Canada; as a teacher, Stake Board Member, and Stake President of that organization at the time of her death, October 8, 1910. Amelia was the Mother of five children, one having preceded her in death.

And so closes our "collection" account of Amelia, a dear Sister known, loved and honored by all who knew her; the references of recorded comments speak words which endear her memory to all of us.

Concluding Tribute

With my humble attempt to prepare this book of sweet memories, I pay tribute to the sainted Mother of my beloved and dedicated husband, third son who survives her, who has given a lifetime of service to her descendants, and to a grandmother of our honorable children who have learned of her supreme example in showing the way to become worthy of celestial blessings!

Gratefully,

Mary Inez Hall Allred
Amelia's daughter-in-law
May 17, 1995

Amelia and her young children



David



David, Jesina, and Dilworth



Francis A. Hammond





Francis A. Hammond



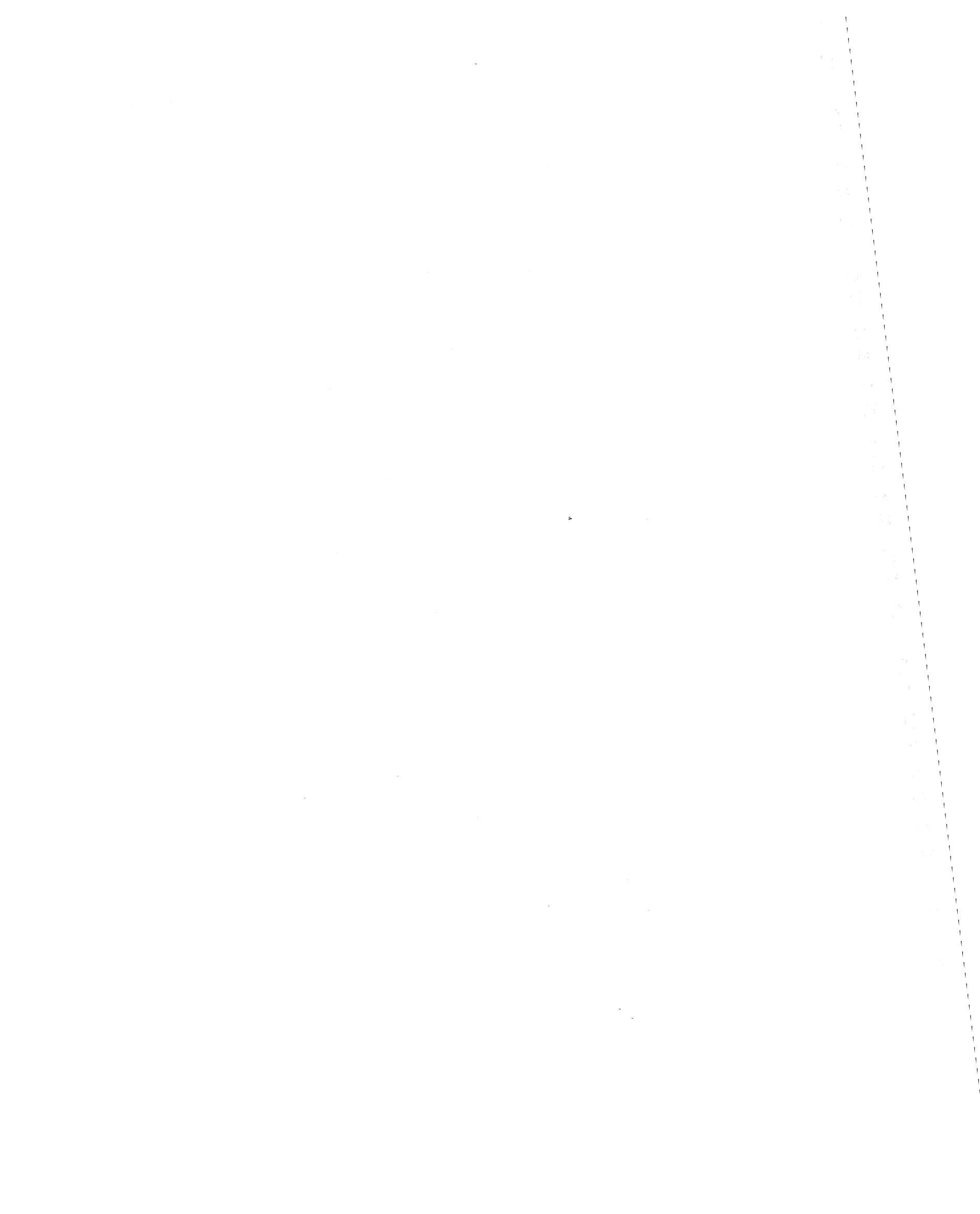
Mary Jane Dilworth



This group of women studied under Hannah Sorensen in 1896 at Bluff, Utah and were trained for nursing and obstetrics. Amelia - bottom row, second from right.



Various pictures of Amelia.





Bluff Belles - about 1890-1891
in Bluff.
Amelia - row 3 on very right.



Amelia (on right) and Friend





First log church and school built
in 1880 as part of the Bluff Fort.
Francis Hammond on right.



James and Kate Jones Allred
and their family, 1925

James and Kate Allred
and family



April 26th, 1894 Bluff

San Juan Co
Utah

Dear Bishop:

May your last days
Be your happiest days
May your reward be great in heaven

Francis P. Hammond.

Bluff, Utah, April 26, 1894.

To our beloved Bishop Jens Nielson.
A small token of esteem from
the Primary Association, on the
74th anniversary of his birth.

H

Bluff Apr. 26, 1894.

To Bp. Jens Nielson:

May health and sunshine you attend,
The while you labor here below.

And when your duties here do end,

May they begin where you the sting of
sorrow will not know.

Your daughter in the Gospel;

Amelia M. Hammond.

